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Iowa City's News & Culture Magazine

PICK A LITTLE,
TALK A LITTLE

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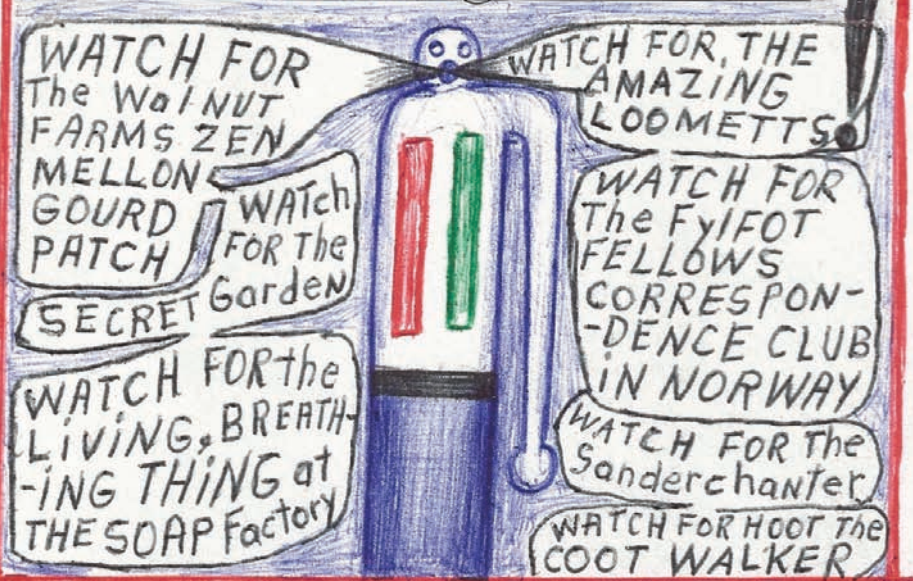
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O At **LAST** that Ol Watercolorist Steven Holl reveals those **OUTSIDER Un NAMED PAINTINGS** as his **HIS BAUBLES** adorning **ART BUILDING WEST ReDEDICATING** today, **MAY 3, 2012, NAMING: 1. "ALL THUNDER** no lightning (Mobility / Sustainability)" with the help of migrant laborer **Chris Reno** 2. **"PAINTALLICA"**, with the help of the migrant labor workshop **Dan Attoe, JESSE ALBRECHT** once-upon-a-time David Dunlap, **Jamie Bolling, CeCe Cole, Bill Donovan, Chris Miller, Greta Songe.** 3. **"The Living, Breathing Thing"** using the hands of **Dalton Brink, Jay Schmidt** **DEDICATED TO NAMING THE NEW ART BUILDING AFTER**

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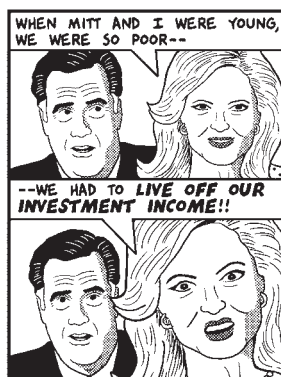
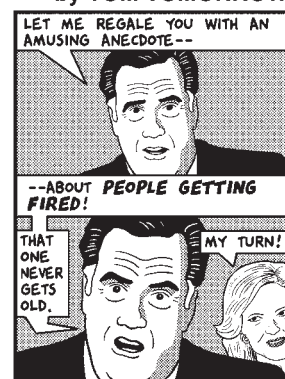
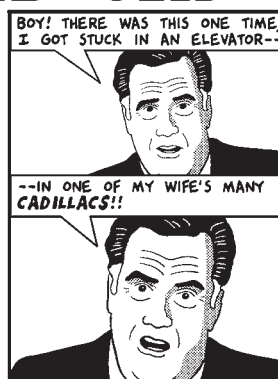
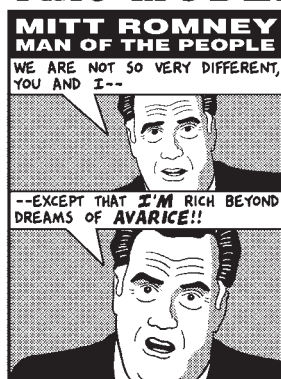
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THIS MODERN WORLD

by TOM TOMORROW



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Jeb Forth Johnson
5433 E. West Street Blvd.
Pliny Lick, KY

Dear Sirs or Madams:

To Whom It May Concern:

As I recently articulated from the Webster Technical Foundation University, The "Jobs" University, I am looking for a job. I am to understand that your company is in the business of doing business and as such have a prominent request for my skills that I learned? I am hereby offering them to you for a agreed upon level of compensation.

My area of concentration, as I'm sure you are awaiting with bait-breath, is Mass Communications in the Digital Realm, with an interest in Medical/Dental, from which I achieved and active grade of B-minor. My instructors afforded to me that I was the only "studnet" ever to achieve such a grade.

At this point you may be asking what can I, Jeb Forth Johnson, bring to your company? I will tell you. As the great psychiatrist Albert Eisight once said, "imagination is really really important." This is a statement I totally agree "with." I will bring imagination with me to your job.

Some of the areas I used my imagination in while at Webster Technical Foundation University included understanding Mass Communications in the Digital Realm 1. Sending Mass Emails. 2. Down and Up Loading Mass Amounts of Information. 3. Biometric Assimilation Modeling. 4. Medical/Dental.

But first let me say that my number one priority is eliminating the rather substantial debt I incurred in the process of acquiring my aforementioned "degree," the value of which I have come to regard with suspicion. Though far from deserving of the pejorative "degree mill," Webster Technical Foundation University (WTF-U, as several of us have come to call it), I have since discovered, is more of a debt mill, luring desperate bumpkins like me into signing up for mountains of student loans in return for guaranteed jobs upon graduation.

According to recent calculations by those who calculate such things, there are no jobs for people like me or other WTFU graduates. Only jabs. Jabs at our well-being. Jabs at our pride. Jabs at our dignity. People like me were neatly sucked in to your lies. We believed we had that special

COVER LETTER >> CONT. ON PAGE 6

When you read this, presumably sometime in May, who knows what the weather will be like?

You might be covering your plants for tonight's frost, or you might be heading out for ice cream because you're sweltering in 100-degree heat. That's the kind of spring it's

been. Granted, spring in Iowa is often full of

LOST in Transition

such swings, but the spring of 2012 has literally been one for the record books.

If this year's calendar were its own Bizarro World, the month of March would be the capital. Many of us basked and frolicked in summer-like heat and, of course, who can regret 80-degree weather in March? But I don't think it was just worrywarts who wrung their hands at the heat wave. According to the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA), the "lower 48" experienced "the warmest March ever in the warmest start of the year ever in the warmest 12-month period ever" ("Record Warm March Temperatures Continue Record-Breaking Periods," comondreams.org, April 9, 2012). What's even more shocking is that, also according to the NOAA, over 150,000 warm temperature records were broken during the month.

Because the weather was so lovely and we weren't burning up in wildfires or drowning in tsunamis (though there were a number of unusually deadly tornadoes), many of us probably didn't quite appreciate that, as the meteorologists and scientists often said, the record-breaking warm streak was in fact an "extreme weather event"—

and one of the most extreme weather events ever. The Midwest was ground zero of the most extreme of the extremes.

With ten days in the 70s and four in the 80s (not to mention nine in the 60s), Iowa City's average temperature was 52 degrees, nearly 15 degrees above average. Cedar Rapids recorded its earliest 80-degree day ever.

This is classic climate change—not so much the warmth per se, but the frequency and the persistence of extremes. Honestly, I was frightened during March. I've seen plenty of

weird weather in my life, but it did seem to be among the weirdest to me, even at the time. I tried to squelch the Debbie-Downer attitude with friends and colleagues, but if I did share my fears, I hoped that I was more Cassandra than Chicken Little. Regardless, anyone who wasn't at least a little concerned hasn't been paying enough attention.

So March was weird for me on the one hand because of my worry for our planet. But on a more localized level, I truly missed the seasonal transition that is March. While we didn't really have

much of a winter (that warmest start of the year in the warmest 12-month period, don't ya know), I still didn't expect to lose the run-up to spring.

Admittedly, this is not a time of year that I especially relish. I can't think of too many people who love the persistent cold and

This year's early-spring, record-breaking warm streak was in fact an "extreme weather event"—and one of the most extreme weather events ever.

brownness of late winter and early spring as we wait for the vernal burst of green. But I do appreciate the pace of nature renewing, largely because it is part of where we are here in this spot of the world.

I am a patient person, and, usually, I sincerely love the practice of patience. In early spring, I do enjoy the seeming dormancy, knowing what is to come. I do enjoy the languorous browns and grays before

the fledgling spots of soft green. I do enjoy the distant, subtle aria of a single first cardinal before the full chorus of birds during a late spring dawn. These modest signs and tokens are quiet heralds.

Historically, heralds are always single individuals, not armies or royal entourages. And in its metaphoric sense, heraldry is about foreshadowing, not climax.

If I listen to Richard Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra," I want to be sure to hear the entirety of the long, one-note, sustained contrabassoon/string bass/organ/bass drum ostinato before the first quiet, gentle entrance of the



trumpet. And if I'm watching *2001: A Space Odyssey*, which of course begins with Strauss, I need to start at the very, very beginning of the black screen accompanied by this same rumbling bass. As with "Ode to Joy"—sung at the end of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, not the beginning—the climactic end cadence of the full orchestra and ecstatic sunrise over the Earth in *Space Odyssey's* title sequence would mean little if that was where it started.

That's how early spring should work in our home in the Midwest. And this year, it was denied to us. You might say, "Well, Tom, you got your cold—in April." And indeed, April was more seasonal, even bringing freeze warnings back into our forecast. Of course, that was a monstrous problem in and of itself as our apple orchardiers and other fruit growers may have lost some, most, or all of their year's livelihood and the fall delights they usually share with us. April truly was the cruelest month as delicate blossoms, opening to welcome warmth, were flash-frozen before their time. But in terms of my lament for a lost March, it wasn't the cold that I missed so much as the transition itself. By the time we were covering backyard blooms, the magnolia trees had already exploded in creamy beauty (which was indeed lovely) and the daffodils and jonquils had already reminded us what yellow looked like. We hunted for morels at my wife's March birthday rather than Mother's Day.

The environmental implications of climate change are certainly more dire than my feelings over the loss of order in my seasonal rounds. But our altering planet is creating disruptions of many sorts. The regularities of nature's unfolding cycle are major tonic notes to what grounds us in the world. We certainly can and do delight in variations on a theme over the years, but a violent thrust into atonality destroys the music of living in place. **lv**

Thomas Dean hopes he won't be sweltering in the Dog Days of Memorial Day.

Sierra Nevada Brewing Co. - Chico, CA

Sierra Nevada Torpedo Extra IPA

New Belgium Brewing Co. - Fort Collins, CO

Ranger IPA

BREWS OF THE MONTH: MAY



Much like buffalo wings and fixed-gear bicycles, IPA has a mystique I cannot understand.

Everyone loves it but I have no clue why. When I asked John's Grocery bier guy Joe Hotek to explain it, he shrugged his shoulders. Is it the invigorating and refreshing citrus? The strong, bitter bite? Hotek mentioned its very minor THC-like chemical effect, so perhaps it is that. (Note: IPA will not get you stoned.) Regardless of the reason, though, it is good brew.

Following my "introduction" to hoppiest brews last month, it is time to venture away from the shallow end of the hop spectrum toward the deeper middle (à la the City Park Pool) for India Pale Ale. Hotek gladly built me a custom IPA sixer, which ran the gamut from tame and well-balanced (Goose Island India Pale Ale and Lakefront IPA) to bitter and well-hopped (Founders Centennial IPA). Founders Red's Rye PA was a solid brewski, too, but the two beers I am recommending for May impressed me the most: Sierra Nevada Torpedo Extra IPA and New Belgium Ranger IPA.

Neither beer will provide a fix for raging hopheads, but both offer invigorating citrus, adequate bitterness and a solid malt base. Both can be poured into regular pint glasses, but to get the full effects of the aroma I recommend using a tulip glass. In color, both are a medium/golden copper. Torpedo is the definition of balanced: Scents of caramel, toffee and toasted malts are tinged with a hint of pine spice and grapefruit, lemon and orange citrus. The flavor is smooth and the hop citrus and spice shine, providing an even zest and astringency. Ranger is a touch more bitter and citrusy. Its malt base is overshadowed by floral hops, pine and enticing citrus. Overall it offers a bitter hop experience with a blend of grapefruit, tangerine, lemon and orange.

ALCOHOL CONTENT: 7.2 percent ABV

SERVING TEMPERATURE: 45-50° F.

FOOD PAIRINGS: Both pair well with any kind of spicy food (like Thai or curried dishes), pepperoni pizza and fried seafood.

WHERE TO BUY: Most area supermarkets and beer retailers will have them.

PRICE: Both cost \$8-9 per sixer. Twelve-packs are available at select locations for around \$15.

—Casey Wagner

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>> COVER LETTER CONT. FROM PAGE 4

gift for mass communication in the digital realm or medical/dental and that landing a high-paying job would be as simple as signing the notes when we enrolled. We were sadly mistaken.

What is medical/dental anyway? I sure as hell don't know. But I now get a statement for it each month telling me I must pay \$1,400 or my credit will be ruined. Ruined! Well I have news for the profiteers at Webster Technical Foundation University. SCREW YOU! You slimeballs have "educated" your last sucker.

Even as I write this, and that I am even writing this, the foretelling of which, this writing, had not the seers of Beerzroth foretold it, would have through the ages remained unforetold, given the "education" purported in your television advertisements, which, undeniably, I believed as I encountered them on my late-night channel surfings, legions of my faithful intergalactic soldiers prepare to stun you into whimpering accountants, an easy stunning to be sure.

Of course there are those who will try to prevent the liberation of the debtors and who will attempt to besmirch my good name and intentions as leader of this vast, gullible lot of hopeful self-improvers. Let me assure you such attempts are as futile as Galoob's Folly, that great misguided attack on our noble task to rewrite the Interstellar Guide to Double Entry Bookkeeping.

With the recent completion of the Interstellar Guide to Double Entry Bookkeeping, Trafalgar's Second Edition, Phase One of our revolution is complete. Phase Two plans spool out a week from Tuesday. (My advisors implored me to not provide a specific timeline. Like you don't know we're coming for you. I am surrounded by unsycophantic fools!)

Your days are numbered, WTFU board members. As my forces turn your Biomass Assimilation Modeling models back on the hands that modeled them, I want you to consider what you have done. Reflect for once on your naughtiness. Then shrivel.

With complete disregard for your existence,

**Commodore Trafalgar,
King of the Jupitarians**



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KEEPING SECRETS

This is the craziest thing that ever happened in my taxi.

One day, many years ago, I got to work and scored an airport run right off the bat. Better yet, it was a package delivery out of a medical lab so pay was guaranteed. Plus, boxes always make decent passengers.

I was in the yard prepping the taxi when my friend P. snuck on me. God love her, P. had a crank habit and her bills were suffering. I-Wireless had cut her phone off and she needed it for work, so I'd thrown in the money to get her phone back. Today she wanted to repay me.

"It ain't cash but it's green," she chirped, slipping me a cigarette cellophane pouched with marijuana. It was sort of green but looked like burrs you'd pull off your socks.

"Aw honey, don't do that," I told her. "Just get at me when you got cash."

"Weed, money—same difference!"

With the delivery run leaving me no time to make a drop at home, I rolled to the lab, picked up the package and hit the road north. But I disliked carrying grass in the taxi. So I chuffed as much of the evidence as I could until it gave me headache and the remainder I stashed in my hip-pouch.

The box, meanwhile, said not a word.

When I reached the airport, an apparent disaster was underway. The highway was closed for a mile to both sides of the airport's access road and cop cruisers were parked catawampus

in the shoulders. This was in October, a couple of years after 9/11. From a rooftop in Brooklyn I'd watched the second plane come in and two years later I was still pretty wazzed out. My mind raced wondering what the hell was wrong now. Suddenly from the airport rushed a motorcade of gleaming black Suburbans and escort

open with the roach showing in its teeth. I was busy jamming it shut when the suit announced, "United States Secret Service! Stay in your car! We're on lockdown!"

There was no turning back. "But I got to get to FedEx. It's a medical delivery. Look—it's human eyeballs."

My heart was pounding but I wasn't screwing around. I eagerly showed him the package. A bright orange sticker slapped on the box showed the drawing of an eyeball: CONTAINS HUMAN ORGANS/PLEASE RUSH.

He stared at me and at the box and then waved at the cruiser. Now the cop came jangling with the handcuffs. The agent checked my license and taxi badge, and he pulled the lading papers and saw the eyeballs were shipping from the eye bank to a university in Texas.

"Pop the trunk," he said to me, and to the cop, "Let's give her a look."

Were they going to check everywhere? My eyes clapped on the ashtray as the cop brought

out from his side a telescoping mirror which he used to peep the undercarriage.

The agent spoke to me, his hand snaking through the window to unzip and search my hip-sack, "So do you live in Iowa City? Are you a student? How long have you driven a cab? I bet you see some wild things."

"None wilder than this, sir! What's all going on here?"

"Let's step out of the car, please."

I would later learn Dick Cheney had just landed on Air Force Two and that this routine was standard protocol. But I sweated a river standing half through a jumping jack as the agent patted



cars. These exited the access road and boomed north on Edgewood. Cruisers scrambled to join the parade.

The highway opened thereafter and I drove to the access road, which is how you get to FedEx. This is when I noticed men in suits roving the grounds. I saw others posted on the roof of the FedEx warehouse. They looked like snipers. My taxi whined to a halt at a police cruiser blocking the road, out of which leapt a serious dude. He wore a suit and a red tie, sunglasses, the earbud and haircut, and somewhere under the coat he kept a hefty sidearm.

It was then I'd realized the ashtray was

me down. As my luck further had it, I was wearing that HOMELAND SECURITY shirt—you know, the one that shows four of my indigenous kinfolk carrying long-guns, FIGHTING TERRORISM SINCE 1492.

The cop glanced at the taxi's interior and gave his thumbs-up. But the agent wanted another look in my purse. As advertised, the hip-sack had two "stash" pockets. I kept one filled with quarters and I'd stuffed the ditchweed in the other. Special Agent found the quarters first.

It's a medical delivery. Look—it's HUMAN EYEBALLS

This was going to end badly. I'd be arrested by Secret Service and lose my job and make national news all at once. I could imagine the scene as it was viewed from the perimeter through a fence, "In related news, a taxi driver was arrested at the airport on drug charges...." And for fucking ditchweed, no less. But then I felt the agent tugging the zippers closed over both stash pockets.

"Go deliver your package."


I flopped back in the taxi and my hands shook as I steered past the roadblock. Why did he let me go? I didn't want to know.

I made the delivery without note and rushed for the exit. It was then I saw another suit running through the trees, hustling to keep pace and barking in his radio. At the roadblock my agent just waved me through, grinning at me like a cat. So I continued my egress. But a county cruiser pulled me over soon as I hit the public roadway and I saw the sky turn red. It hit me then: The agent had let me go because Secret Service got to do its job and I got to do mine. Now Linn County was going to do its job too.

The deputy, to my surprise, was full of apologies.

"I've just been informed you had clearance, sir. You are free to go and to have a good day!" **lv**


Vic Pasternak will unsuccessfully seek the Republican bid for President of the United States. Please write him in.



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NO SWEAT!

The name Alta Gracia means “high grace.” In the Dominican Republic, the Virgin of Alta Gracia is the protector of her people. Her name is invoked tenderly and with reverence by those seeking blessing on their land and on the many hands that help cultivate it, particularly in the poverty-stricken community named for her. Villa Alta Gracia is a small village about

a comprehensive market-based analysis. The WRC determined that the Dominican minimum wage, expressed in US dollars, is \$0.84 an hour and the living wage is \$2.83 an hour.

Long before the death of Trayvon Martin equated the wearing of sweatshirts, particularly hoodies, with a statement of social justice, college students across the country saw the political power of their clothing. The anti-

strategic student-labor solidarity campaigns against sweatshops, which the organization defines broadly. It considers all struggles against the daily abuses of the global economic system to be a struggle against sweatshops.

Student activists on the University of Iowa campus have embraced the anti-sweatshop movement by creating a campus-wide initiative to raise awareness of Alta



WATCHING OUT FOR WORKERS

UI Students Christina Carberry and William Goldberg

Photos by Jay Geisen

an hour's drive from the capital city, Santo Domingo, in the easternmost part of the Dominican Republic. Villa Alta Gracia and surrounding villages have experienced high unemployment and, as a result, are awash in poverty.

In the United States, Alta Gracia has become synonymous with fair trade. The clothing line Alta Gracia was launched in 2009 by Knights Apparel, the largest distributor of clothing and apparel to colleges and universities. It is among the few apparel companies in the world that pays a living wage to the workers who make its clothing.

The Worker Rights Consortium, an independent watchdog group, determined the living wage standard for free trade zone apparel workers in the Dominican Republic by performing

sweatshop movement has been embraced by undergraduates since the 1990s, when co-eds began protesting the support of companies linked to sweatshops by their universities.

Gracia. The movement, led by members of the student groups Students Abolishing Slavery, Feminist Majority Leadership Alliance, Young Democrats and Amnesty

Earlier this year, members of UI student organizations filed a petition with campus retailers asking for increased support of fair-trade products made by Alta Gracia

Today, groups like United Students Against Sweatshops, continue to boycott companies that employ the use of sweatshop laborers. The USAS is entirely organized by college students and other youth. Its mission is to plan

International, has educated UI students about Alta Gracia, sent out emails, made announcements about the products in classes and distributed flyers about the company.

Christina Carberry, a senior at the UI

ALTA GRACIA

and president of the Feminist Majority Leadership Alliance, said she was drawn to the cause because of the way the garment industry has historically mistreated its primarily female workforce.

"Women are disproportionately affected by the absence of a living wage because they are trying to support their families," Carberry said.

William Goldberg is a junior and a board member of Students Abolishing Slavery.

"We speak out against modern-day slavery of any kind whether it is sexual, forced labor,



Are your clothes sweatshop-free?

Find out at:
workersrights.org/Freports

wage slavery or another kind," Goldberg said. "And we aren't just in support of Alta Gracia. We support any company that is truly fair trade and truly provides a living wage."

Part of student efforts to raise awareness about the atrocities of the garment industry has included a campaign to increase the amount of Alta Gracia merchandise available in the campus bookstore. Alta Gracia apparel is available at the UI campus bookstore and on the store's website the merchandise is listed under its own heading, along with other merchandise suppliers, and buyers are encouraged to "make a difference with their Iowa pride." But Goldberg and Carberry would like to see more of a growth in Alta Gracia sales at the UI bookstore and increased promotion of the product. Earlier this year members of the UI student organizations mentioned above filed a petition with the campus bookstore's management asking

SWEATSHOPS >> CONT. ON PAGE 18

ANNE FRANK

A History for Today



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Photo by Ofer Sivan

INTRODUCTIONS AND GIFTS

An excerpt from the new novel, *Love and Other Delusions*

“My name is Alice Marcher. I’m your teacher, for better or for worse. Tomorrow is my birthday, and I expect presents.”

Danny sat in the back of the room, near the door, sullen and slouching, wearing baggy black jeans and a white oxford cloth shirt that was two sizes too big. He was going to work at the Centre Theatre after class. Because there was a freakishly large boy in front of him, he had to lean sideways to get a good view of his teacher. That was when she first saw him too, his head appearing as if out of the shoulder of a giant.

have had some significance. With him almost thirty and her turning forty, they were breaking up for the second time, and there was a lot of history to romanticize. In another few years they would break up for a third and final time, but whereas all three had been her idea, the second break up was mutual and sentimental. They had convinced themselves that they were doing the logical thing. So that second time was important, to organize their history between them, to reminisce, to even videotape a tour of St. Augustine as they drove around and talked to each other about all the places that meant something to them. But they still glossed over that first look with too much sentiment. Their first private words

Ten years later, in bed together, they would both misremember the moment. Neither would claim it was love at first sight, but both wanted that first eye contact to

to each other, however, were etched indelibly.

That day in class, Alice had looked at Danny and smiled. The head out of the shoulder image was amusing to her. But it was the opening day of her own drama, and she had a script to follow. Danny was just another member of her audience, “I would prefer diamonds, but use your best judgment.” The Dean had warned her about irony, about most students’ failure to understand it. Alice didn’t care. The Dean was her husband. He understood her, and she always assumed that he would protect her.

The woman Danny saw that morning seemed tall, but was not, with long black hair pulled tightly behind her ears and a face that was interesting but not beautiful. The individual features were unremarkable, but the sum of her face was in her eyes, and those other features, as soon as Danny got close to her, coalesced around those dark brown eyes and became a seduction. In all the years of looking at that face, Danny never saw it change, except when they were about to have sex. Eventually, it seemed as if most of their time together was a slow dance always leading to sex, so her face was not as it was when he first saw it, but more often as it was when their bodies came closer together, soon to be one.

Alice had no impression of Danny until the end of that first class. Roll taken, syllabus explained, first assignment given, she dismissed class early. As she made her opening presentation, she had walked slowly around the room, forcing her students to turn their heads and follow her, finishing her waltz at the back of the room, a few feet away from Danny.

“See you tomorrow. Reading quiz first thing. Extra points for presents. Now, go and sin no more,” she said, opening the door behind Danny and standing back as the rush began. Within seconds the only people left in the room were her, Danny, and the giant student in front of him, who was having trouble getting out of the standardized desk. Alice first really noticed Danny when he stood up. He was over six feet tall and had remarkable blue-green eyes. Her first impression was that he was a young man who had probably done time in the military and was starting his life over, perhaps mid to late twenties, thirty at the outside. The most incongruous part of his appearance was that his hair was too long for his face. A man his age, she thought, would look better with a good haircut, but he certainly had potential.

As Danny had stood he had taken a more direct look at her face while she was looking in the other direction. She had looked younger from a distance, and her wedding ring was obvious when she came closer.

The turning point for her, the moment Danny separated himself from the blur of her other thoughts that morning, was when he turned back

to help the other student get out of his desk. He put one hand on the back of the chair to hold it in place and offered his other hand to the giant, who squirmed out and then up from his desk, grunting as he rose, his red face beaded with sweat. He thanked Danny for his help, but, seeing his teacher, he lowered his head and left the room embarrassed. Alice watched him lumber past her and then turned back to see Danny staring at her. His face was different. He was stunning. It was this moment of their history they both remembered accurately, their first private conversation.

“What do you really want for your birthday,” he had asked.

“See you tomorrow.
Reading quiz first thing.
Extra points for presents.
Now, go and sin no more,”
she said, opening the door
behind Danny and standing
back as the rush began.

The thing that she remembered best about that moment was that she was at first speechless because she was still thinking about his helping the giant. It seemed like such a kind gesture, almost gracious, as if Danny were a servant and a lord at the same time. And she was aware that she was staring at his face, as if he had stepped off a movie screen and entered her world.

“I want to be surprised,” she finally said.

The conversation lasted twenty more minutes, the two of them not moving from that spot at the back of the classroom, in no hurry since the next class would not start for half an hour. The opening two sentences were all they remembered, but that was enough. The rest was just small talk between teacher and new student. Details to supply a context. Personal traits were revealed immediately, traits that might have required weeks or months to be revealed around someone else, someone who was a close friend, someone who could be trusted, but revealed instantaneously with each other within minutes of meeting.

As she and Danny talked that first morning, she started to think about him in ways that she had thought about other men; but then she discovered that he was eighteen, a shock to her, and disappointing because it narrowed his appeal to her. As mature as he seemed, as much of an adult as he was required to be by his home life, he was still too young. Handsome, but a

YALE COHN: In a number of your books, including this one, movie theaters figure prominently. You’ve owned and managed theaters across the country. What’s magic about them, not for their fare, but as places? At least how they used to be, before they went the cookie-cutter megaplex route?

LARRY BAKER: When I was growing up, they literally were larger than life. Old movie theaters, giant drive-in theaters, epic pictures and movie stars who were larger than life. To see anything on a big screen made it more dreamlike, and that feeling of getting lost in a dream, I’ve never quite gotten over, and I like that feeling. In this book, I’m trying to dissect that feeling. The guy who works at the theater—when he shows her how the machines work and the switches and everything—when he reveals all that, the woman he’s trying to impress is even more impressed because it’s a magic experience. Movies are a perfect metaphor for all art: this collaborative effort that gets lost in this one piece of work that’s in front of you that reflects the work of thousands of people.

Like this one, a number of your books are set in Florida, where you lived with your family for just three years. How is it that this place made such an impression on you that you’ve set so many of your novels there?

A lot of it is the connection to the ocean. If I’d lived in California, I might have placed these stories on the California coastline. The important thing is it’s the coast. You’re up against land and ocean, and that’s an implicit symbolic environment that changes the story. In *A Good Man* it starts on the beach, that’s where Harry wakes up, in the ocean—almost like a birth scene—and at the end, he’s back in the water, going back to where he began, in the ocean. In *Flamingo Rising*, the drive-in is literally set on the beach, so you combine the illusion of the movies with the forces of nature. Also, St. Augustine is America’s oldest city, so you combine the ocean and history in the terms of the oldest city in America. This plays a role in three of my books, that all life—all these little lives—are part of the history of life, and it’s nice to have the oldest city in the country as the background to that.

There are a handful of writers which come to mind who really reflect the craziness that Florida is known for—and Florida is America’s repository for the batshit insane. Are writers like Carl Hiaasen and Dave Barry writing about a different segment of society there, or did you just not experience it?

When I go to Florida on book tours, audiences always say “I know these people, these are great ‘Florida people,’” and yet I never see them as “Florida” characters at all. Like Harry Ducharme in *A Good Man*. He’s a transplant, they’re all sort of transplants. I never got a sense of Florida people as characters. These are characters I would put anywhere else, but they work with the geography of Florida. It’s the setting, not the people that appeals to me.

We’ve talked before about the authors who’ve influenced you, or whose styles you’ve emulated. Do you think you’ve written enough now so that you’ve influenced others? Is there a Larry Baker Style?

Nobody would ever credit me with having a unique “Larry Baker style;” I don’t have any illusions about that. This new book is an experiment for me. It’s the most—and I’m saying this in a good way—it’s the most artificial book I’ve ever written. It’s an exercise in style and technique. I finally decided to take the leap into the whole concept of the “unreliable narrator,” and then I split that narrator into two people and made them both unreliable, so a lot of people could get confused in this book. But it’s a book that really doesn’t give you sympathetic characters like in *A Good Man*, or *Athens*. You’re not going to like anybody in *Love and Other Delusions*, it’s going to be the style that draws you in, the technique.

***Athens, America* was set in a thinly veiled version of Iowa City, are you going to be writing about us again?**

Athens was about Iowa City. In the future, I could set a story in here, but I basically covered everything that I’ve ever wanted to say about Iowa City. **lv**

Yale Cohn has interviewed Larry Baker (and dozens of other creative Iowa City residents) on his PATV Show Talking With All those shows can be watched online anytime at talkingwithyale.com.

child. She had made many mistakes in her life, wrong choices in men, but cradle-robbing was not on the list. Other women she knew could joke about young hard boys as perfect lovers, quickly renewable and easily disposable, but Alice had a horror of becoming a cliché.

Danny went to the Centre and sorted his feelings. In their constant self-analysis over the years, Alice most resented his refusal, or his inability, to express those feelings. When he had told her that he went to work that first day and did not think about her, her feelings had been hurt, but he was untruthful. She admitted to looking forward to seeing him again, and he had tried to convince her that he had not thought about her, so she reminded him that he had, indeed, brought her a present on her birthday, so he must have thought of her after that first day, right? Of course he had, he admitted, but not, evidently, as much as she had thought about him. The pattern was established early. She did most of the talking, and he was silent a lot, silence that she somehow interpreted as depth, but that he knew was merely insecurity. "My god, Alice," he would tell her on his thirtieth birthday, "I was a teenager. You were a married woman with a master's degree, my teacher. I was absolutely

intimidated by you for those first few years. I thought I would bore you, and, besides, you had no problem doing most of the talking."

But he had thought about her that first afternoon, about how nobody else in class seemed to understand her humor, how she walked, how she had stood next to him as class ended and he first noticed how she smelled. The only other woman whose smell he could remember was his mother. Hers was sweeter than Alice's, almost heavy sweet, almost whorish, and it had never faded in Danny's mind. Alice's smell was lighter, virginal and sensual at the same time, if that could be a smell, but it had been enough to have him keep his notebook in front of him as he talked to her after class. He sat in the Centre later and thought about going to Sears or Penney's after work, to the perfume counter, testing every sampler until he found the same smell, and buying her a tiny bottle. That would be the perfect gift. But his sister needed to be taken shopping for a new swim suit, he had promised her, and his father had a prescription to refill, and there was no time, as always, for Danny to shop for himself. So he improvised.

Alice stood in front of her class the next day and asked, "And my presents?" With a mute group in front of her, she

glanced at Danny but he did not look back. Disappointed, she laughed, "Why is it that nobody ever believes me? Every year, the same. Oh well, I'll just add some extra questions to the quiz." That, they believed.

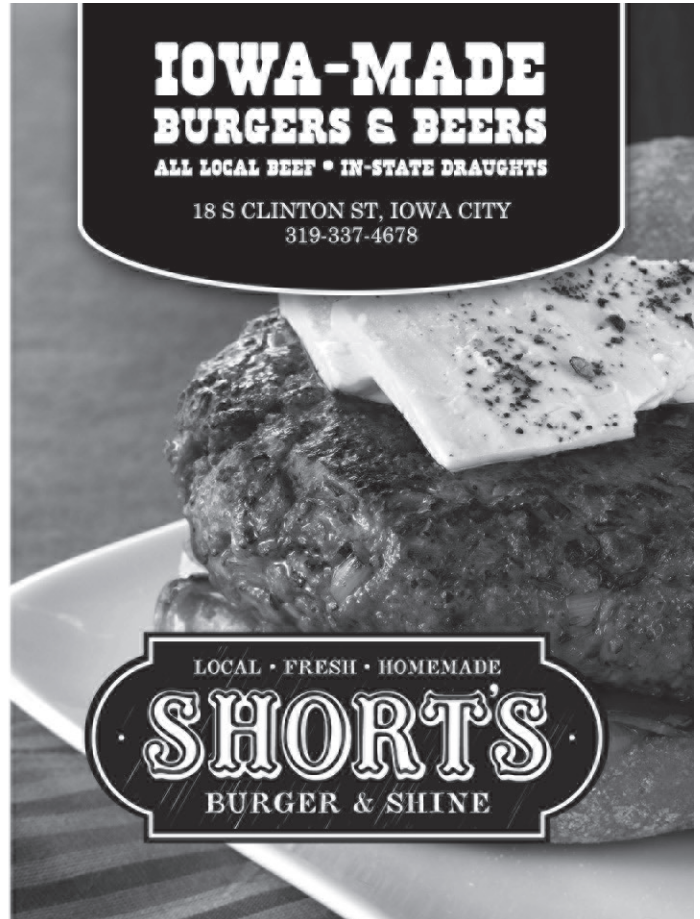
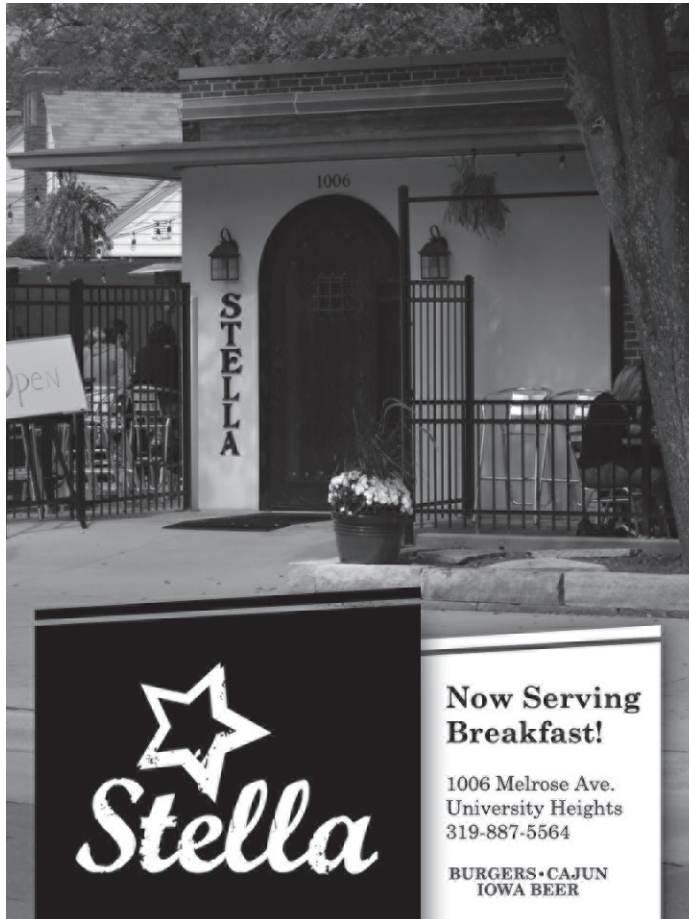
After class, Danny lingered, waiting for all the others to leave the room, including the giant, and Alice knew he had something for her. She stayed at her podium. "Mr. Shay, Mr. Shay, you're my last hope. Bring that diamond up here." Another moment they would remember.

He walked to the front of the room and handed her an envelope, obviously a birthday card. Inside the card were two passes to the Centre Theatre. Alice almost cried, "Oh, Danny, how did you know I love the movies?"

"Everybody likes the movies," he had said.

"Not like me, Danny, not like me." **lv**

Larry Baker served two terms on the City Council in Iowa City and he currently serves on the Board of Adjustment. He has published four novels and numerous short stories. His first novel, The Flamingo Rising, was a Hallmark Hall of Fame movie in 2001.





● ● ● Good Eggs

As the weather warms and backyard gardens begin to sprout, locals are asked to consider a very basic question: Where does our food come from? To some, there's an easy answer, which is "the grocery store." It is, however, a bit more complicated than that.

Eggs often have a starring role on many shopping lists, and for such a simple purchase, we are given a lot of choices. White? Brown? Jumbo? Organic? Cage-free? Does it matter? In this age of limitless options, it's important to remind ourselves that yes, it does matter. The backyard chicken movement across the United States bridges the gap between farm and fridge and represents a new breed of urbanites: a savvy, conscientious group who want to play a role in how and where their food is produced. Until Iowa Citizens are (legally) able to join this group, we can rest assured that there are small, sustainable family farms dotting the rolling hills south of town who will feed us in the most responsible way possible.

One of the best options in sustainable eggs you'll find is Farmer's Hen House, a familiar staple in almost every Iowa City grocery store, including Hy-Vee and the New Pioneer Food Co-op. Located near Kalona, Farmer's Hen House is made up of a collective of 38 small family farms—most of which are located within ten miles of the main facility—that produce organic and cage-free eggs from humanely-raised hens. Boasting a "3-egg" rating from Cornucopia Institute, Farmer's Hen House hens are raised naturally, without antibiotics or hormones. Many of the farmers grow the grain the chickens eat as well, completing the circle of sustainability that is not often found in this era of large, industrial factory farms.

Amish farmers Eli Bontrager and Aquila Brennenman, whose farms are among the many that supply Farmer's Hen House, tend their flocks of thousands of hens by hand, feeding, watering and collecting eggs, all without the aid of machinery. Their hens live in barns, not in cramped cages, have space to roam and

roost freely and are able to spend their days outside in the sun and fresh air, living an idyllic lifestyle enviable to any beast or fowl.

Despite advocacy from several local groups—most recently Iowa City Citizens for the Legalization of Urban Chicken Keeping (I-CLUCK)—Iowa City folk are not yet able to feel the smooth warmth of a freshly laid egg straight from their backyard coop. But they can perhaps enjoy the peace of mind that comes from knowing the backstory to their breakfast. Happy hens lay healthy, more nutritious eggs; healthy eggs provide nourishment to both the body and the mind; supporting local, sustainable agriculture builds communities, and that is something that nourishes everybody. **lv**

Dawn Frary owns the Dewey Street Photo Company. She enjoys cats, coffee, reading, horror movies, birdwatching, thrifting and walking in the woods, and has never refused a big fat omelette.



1: Hens roam freely in their fenced enclosure at Aquila Brenneman's farm. 2: A Farmer's Hen House employee observes eggs at the candling table, determining the condition of the air cell, yolk and white. 3: Organic Bovine Hens stay inside Eli Bontrager's barn until the outside temperature has reached an accommodating warmth—usually about 60 - 70 degrees.





4

4: Hens peek out as they sit in the laying boxes at Eli Bontrager's farm, where eggs are collected daily by hand. The birds are also fed and watered by hand—the Bontragers use no electric machinery to care for their flock. 5: Eggs pass through the packaging machine in the main Farmer's Hen House facility. 6: Organic Brown Eggs await collection at Bontrager's farm.



5



6

>> SWEATSHOPS CONT. FROM PAGE 11

for its increased support of Alta Gracia by purchasing \$300,000 in merchandise wholesale, or 30 percent of the store's merchandise.

We speak out against modern-day slavery of any kind ... And we aren't just in support of Alta Gracia.

We support any company that is truly fair trade and truly provides a living wage.

—William Goldberg, board member, Students Abolishing Slavery

"In the past, students would go there and have to ask about Alta Gracia merchandise because they didn't see it in the store," Goldberg said. "We want there to be more prominent signage and better placement of the product. We know people will support this product, but they have to be able to find it."

In response to student requests, the bookstore has crafted an inventory, marketing and merchandising plan to support a sales goal of \$100,000 of Alta Gracia during the fiscal year beginning this July 1, and placed an order from their fall line, which begins shipping on August 1. The store's management has also agreed to track sales and inventory levels. Re-orders will be placed and new products will be introduced as required in support of this sales goal.

Goldberg said students want to see Alta Gracia get the same promotion as less labor-friendly companies like Nike. In the 1990s Nike was criticized for the conditions of its factories. Many universities are paid licensing fees by brands like Nike for the right to use their names, logos and mascots on the clothing they produce. Nike and its competitors are widely accused of continuing to employ workers in Asian sweatshops.

The University of Iowa has a Code of Conduct that requires licenses to "engage in business practices that effect positive change." The Code also explicitly states that there cannot be benefit

from "exploitation of U.S. or international labor" (Section 1).

"We don't know if Nike still purchases items from factories that abuse their workers, but we know that Alta Gracia doesn't," Goldberg said.

"We may not be able to prove that Nike is doing something wrong, but we can prove that Alta Gracia is doing something right, so why not stick with the company we know isn't doing anything bad and promotes a true living wage?"

Alta Gracia pays its workers \$510 a month. That equates to a 340 percent increase to the legal minimum wage of \$150 per month in the Dominican Republic. The ripple effect of employees receiving a living wage is expansive. According to Taber, with their income workers can make improvements to their homes, which in turn helps the construction industry; they can buy computers for their children and send them to school; they can access clean drinking water; and they can contribute to the overall betterment of their community.

Alta Gracia also prides itself on its safe work environment and welcomes unrestricted monitoring of its factory by an independent watchdog group, The Worker Rights Consortium.

In June 2010 Alta Gracia established a union and elected leaders. The union and management have a joint health committee, and they meet often to discussion production, employee morale and facility conditions. The union conducts vaccination programs

and HIV prevention workshops. All with the support and encouragement of management.

"What makes Alta Gracia so unique is that we aren't just throwing some concessions toward fair trade and living wage," said Rachel Taber, Community Education Coordinator for Alta Gracia. "We've sat down with workers and students and nonprofit groups to listen to what they're looking for, and we've been extremely observant and responsive to those needs."

Members of the watchdog group visit the factory weekly to check the water quality and the temperature in the building, and discuss work conditions with workers. Representatives of The Workers Rights Consortium also meet with workers in the community, not just at work, to be sure that they can talk freely.

"If a monitor comes up to you at work and your boss is standing right behind you what are you going to say?" Taber asked. "The monitors [from the Consortium] are very cognizant of that and so they meet the workers outside of work."

For only being in business a short amount of time Alta Gracia has seen tremendous growth, Taber said. The company boasts 135 employees but would like to see more.

Meanwhile, Goldberg, Carberry and others will continue to raise awareness of the work of Alta Gracia. They hope student organizations will partner together to create a social justice coalition on campus to promote not only issues of labor violations but other social justice issues.

"We'd like to see a group like Hawkeyes for Sustainable Labor," Goldberg said. "We want there to be a group that will continue efforts like this one in the future so the momentum doesn't disappear." **lv**

Jill Bodach is a graduate of the Iowa Writers' Workshop. She teaches creative writing at The University of Iowa and is a writing tutor at Kirkwood Community College.



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Poolside Manner

It is one hundred and fourteen degrees according to the thermometer at the base swimming pool, and all I can see are clean haircuts, off the ears with neatly-trimmed necklines. No one is in the water. We spray on sunscreen, except Michael, who is from Oregon and has skin that is somehow dark year round. He shaves his head and has mean brown eyes and is the most athletic of our group. He's always on the floor of his room thrusting upwards and clapping his hands, or facing the wall locker doing calf-raises.

Ditching our sandals and t-shirts under plastic chairs, we dance over the scalding concrete and dive into the ten-foot section. Sure enough, the lukewarm water is of no relief from the oversized Texas sun. We retreat from the water, hot-footing it to the chairs again. The ripples in the pool even out slowly.

Chaz starts talking about diodes and alternating current and the block test we all have to take on Tuesday. Although Chaz gets the best grades in class, he also frets the most. He calls himself an "idiot" for missing one question on a test when the rest of us sigh relief at a 75 or 80. He was an honors graduate in basic. I saw the ribbon once when we all got in trouble and had to visit the commander in full service dress. He's also easy going and would probably help me study before each block test even if he hasn't been my roommate since I moved to the 320th.

"You know those burritos I got at the commissary?" Chaz is talking to me now. We have a tiny little fridge in our room, where we keep Pop Tarts and other junk food. "They taste like cheeseburgers, but with a different texture." Chaz raises his eyebrows while jutting out his bottom lip, his way of conveying approval of something.

Michael sits up in his chair. "When I had strep throat once, I begged and begged my mom to get me a Big Mac. She finally did,

but I couldn't open up my mouth wide enough. So she threw it in the blender with a little cola." He begins to chuckle. "That was nasty."

"Be careful what you wish for," I say, secretly promising to try a Big Mac shake one day.

Beside me, Kyle is tossing a toy football from left to right hand. He wears these sporty sunglasses that I think look ridiculous on anyone but NASCAR drivers and baseball outfielders.

"Look at that," he says.

Outside the fence, jackrabbits rest under a shade tree. They are stretched out on their backs, a curious pose. "It's not even this hot in Florida," Kyle says.

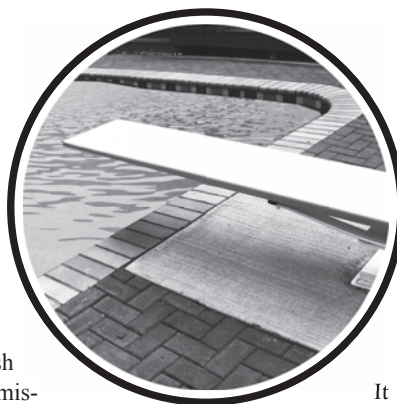
I start to ask him if there are rabbits in the Sunshine State.

"Guys."

Michael diverts our gaze to the far side, the entrance. Everyone else's attention is at the entrance as well, including the lifeguard's. Two females come in, towels wrapped around their swimsuits. They choose some chairs, wobbly and plastic and as far away as possible from the other patrons' stares. The men begin to fill the pool, wrestling and jockeying for position in the four-foot section. They splash and shout and laugh about the latest military idioms.

The shorter one of the pair, a brunette, gets up and slides in feet-first with her sunglasses still on. She emerges near the edge and spits pool water to the side. Her hair is a little curly, even when soaking wet. The blonde remains perched on her reclined lounge chair, seemingly oblivious to the testosterone on display.

We take turns on the diving board, and Michael attempts a few gainers before the lifeguard blows a warning whistle. Even Chaz ditches his anxiety and plops in, a cannonball that spouts a geyser behind him. He treads water like a dog, and I lob the football to him.



The shorter girl marches over to our side of the pool. The two pieces of her bathing suit don't match.

It appears to be a sports

bra and blue PT shorts that

she borrowed from a more petite

friend. Her legs look strong and muscular.

She curves around close to me, stopping inches from my chest. "I like your tattoos."

Beads of water slip in between freckles and down her narrow chin, and I see that she has a pale white scar on her forehead. It is probably more noticeable because of the rich tan she has everywhere else. The pool water dripping from her face and hair lands on my toes.

"Thanks," I say.

The reactions in the pool range from shock to envy as she leans in past the space necessary for secret whispers and indulges her curiosity about the provocative markings around my torso and arms. She traces the outline of my devil lady with her index finger, and I feel slightly molested. The ink on my skin is wearing high heels with a red dress and a long, pointed tail. "Sexy," says my new admirer. "I like this one." Her fingernail hops over each protruding rib bone. I try to see the girl's eyes, but her sunglasses are heavily mirrored. And all this time the sun grows hotter on my back.

She keeps her hand at my side the whole time, touching the red-and-black devil lady tattoo on my ribcage. She flicks her tongue over her lips and asks me, "What does it mean?"

Lucas Shepherd will be studying English this fall as a junior at The University of Iowa. This story was inspired by Mary Howitt's poem "The Spider and the Fly."

ATOMIC ANDY KAUFMAN

THE COMEDIAN THAT LOVED TO BOMB

Early in Andy Kaufman's career, the comedic performance artist sometimes opened for musicians—including, implausibly, schlock-popper Barry Manilow and R&B greates the Temptations.

The latter group's predominantly black fan base wasn't feeling his inept Foreign Man routine, so they unleashed an avalanche of boos as he wept uncontrollably. Kaufman then pulled out a large cap gun, walked behind the curtains, fired the pistol into the microphone, and thudded to the ground.

The audience had come to hear "My Girl" and "Just My Imagination," so this was not exactly what they paid for. The Temptations reportedly "sang extra hard that night to make up for it." Kaufman caused a similar reaction when warming up for Barry Manilow's white bread audience a couple years later. He had such an effect on the crowd that the crooner said it was all he could do "to try to bring them back from the edge of revolution."

As you can tell, Kaufman specialized in troublemaking. During his 1981 appearance on a short-lived *Saturday Night Live* rip-off named *Fridays*, he broke character and mumbled he couldn't play along anymore. Michael Richards—one of only two people who were in on the prank—got up and threw a stack of cue cards at him, and then a fight broke out between Kaufman and the cast and crew.

When invited back to host the next season, he claimed to be a Born Again Christian who was now engaged to Kathie Sullivan, a gospel singer from *The Lawrence Welk Show*. He rein-



roduced television viewers to the benign Andy Kaufman, who now wore a three-piece brown polyester suit and sported neatly trimmed hair. Remarkably, he only antagonized the audience once. Right before a performance by The Pretenders, Kaufman gave a lecture on clean living, delaying the start of the song.

When he appeared as the boorishly unfunny lounge lizard Tony Clifton, Kaufman remained unrecognizable in a fat suit, sunglasses, wig and prosthetic makeup. In 1981, Clifton sent

an audience over the edge while opening for Rodney Dangerfield. *Rolling Stone* reported that after arriving twenty-five minutes late he insisted that he would not perform until all cigarettes were extinguished, putting the crowd in a rotten mood. When Clifton finally strutted onstage he lit up a cigar and warbled his rendition of "I Left My Heart In San Francisco."

All hell broke loose. As he plodded on with the next number, "Yankee Doodle," people launched tomatoes, eggs and a banana cake that splattered on the Clifton's shoulder. On cue, he shouted, "Drop the net!" A protective barrier came down as someone screamed, "YOU SUCK!" And when Clifton dedicated "this song to the hostages," someone shot back, "THEY SHOULD TAKE YOU HOSTAGE!"

Then a coin flew through the net and barely missed his ear, so Clifton donned SFPD riot gear—complete with a microphone mounted on the helmet—and continued singing: "... stuck a finger in his ear and called it macaroni!" After an apple ripped through the netting and exploded on Clifton's helmet, he spent the remainder of the show berating everyone from the wings. The promoter Bill Graham, who booked the chaotic final Sex Pistols gig not long before, had never seen anything like this.

WEEKLY SPECIALS

ANGRY HOUR MONDAY-SATURDAY 4-6:30 pm \$2 DOMESTIC PINTS

MONDAY \$3 IMPORT PINTS 9 pm-Close **TUESDAY \$2 16 OZ TALL BOYS 9 pm-1 am**

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9 pm-Close SUNDAY "SIN" SERVICE INDUSTRY NIGHT: WHISKEY \$3 7 pm-Close

DEADWOOD

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When Kaufman was offered a posh job on *Taxi*, he refused to sign on unless Tony Clifton was given a guest star turn, with an option for two more. After the show's producers caved,

"DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?!" HE YELLED AS SECURITY DRAGGED HIM OUT, "I'M A BIG STAR!"

they were horrified to find that Clifton could not act, was rude to other actors and strutted around the set with a prostitute on each arm. He was escorted off the studio lot while screaming, "I'll sue your fucking asses! You'll never work in Vegas again!" Kaufman showed up to work the next week as if nothing had happened, which further irritated the cast. "I don't know if I'd want to go through that again," Danny DeVito grumbled. "We all felt it was a big waste of time."

This wasn't the first time Clifton had been thrown off a television set; he was also ejected from *The Dinah Shore Show* after a cooking demonstration gone awry. She often had guests cook up their favorite dishes, but the rogue performer surprised the hostess by tossing a whole stick of butter in the frying pan and crushing a dozen eggshells in her

hands. "Do you know who I am?!" Clifton yelled as security dragged him out. "I'm a big star!" Jean Stapleton, who played Edith Bunker on the 1970s sitcom *All In the Family*, locked herself in the

greenroom with another guest, David Copperfield. The magician recalled, "she was weeping and sobbing when all the pandemonium broke loose in the studio. It was amazing."

Tony Clifton could be mean-spirited, in an over-the-top cartoonish way, but this was an anomaly in the pantheon of Kaufman characters. His Foreign Man confounded nightclub audiences by transforming from a bumbling entertainer to a spot-on Elvis impersonator. "I come down tonight from downtown Wisconsin," he would say in faintly Slavic-sounding accent. When the crowd tittered nervously, he shot back, "No, no. Wait teel I give you thee punch." Catch a Rising Star comedy club owner Rick Newman recalled: "I really didn't know he was putting me on. He did Foreign Man until the audiences were booing

and walking out. But then suddenly he broke into his incredible Elvis imitation and caught us so completely by surprise that we ended up crying, we were laughing so hard."

Soon television producers were inviting Foreign Man on the air. His 1978 appearance on *The Dating Game* pitted the hapless character against two quintessential '70s studs: a bearded man with a wide-open lapel draped over his hairy chest, and another who was tanned, permed and suited up. "How ya doing Patrice," Studs #1 and #2 said with smooth confidence, while Foreign Man let out a meek, "Hee-lo Pat-reese." After creating all kinds of confusion, he broke down in tears when Patrice picked Stud #2. Foreign Man insisted that he had answered all the questions correctly, and therefore should win the contest.

After this health-food nut and non-smoker was diagnosed with a rare form of lung cancer at the age of thirty-five, many were sure it was another one of his pranks. "Andy, come on man," people would say to him as he sat in his wheelchair. "This dying thing is just too much!" **lv**

Kembrew McLeod lives in Iowa City, and plans to be fighting ninjas throughout the month of May.



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Score One For SKIN

If you like sex and art (especially in that order of enthusiasm), then you should definitely make a point of getting to the Englert on Friday, May 18, to see the

Iowa premiere of Frederick Wiseman's *Crazy Horse*, a documentary about Paris's legendary cabaret. To sweeten the deal, FilmScene, the host of the event, has found a sponsor in Deluxe Cakes and Pastries. Before the screening they'll put on a pre-show reception, replete with pastries and drinks, in the Douglas and Linda Paul Gallery on the second

floor of the Englert. Even sweeter, Iowa City's own troop of cabaret-style dancers, Les Dames du Burlesque (isn't it curious that the Parisians wanting to sound sexy use an American name, Crazy Horse, and Iowans use a French one?) will perform an opening routine inspired by the film!

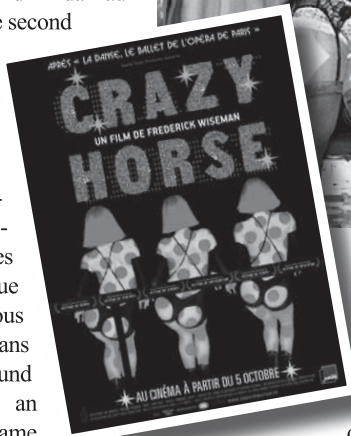
Crazy Horse, founded in 1951 by Alain Bernadin, is a crucial ingredient in the Parisian mystique, right up there with the Eiffel Tower,

the Louvre and strolling the boulevards with a baguette under your arm. Seven days a week, twice a night and three times on Saturday, gorgeous naked women with bodies lithe and

In the poem "Adam's Curse," W.B. Yeats's lady friend remarks, "To be born woman is to know—/ Although they do not talk of it at school—/ That we must labour to be beautiful."

Wiseman's documentary unobtrusively chronicles both the dancers' extremely sexy performances and their strenuous labor to be beautiful night after night. Not only do you get the naughty pleasures of breast and thigh, you get to listen in on heated debates about how best not to make buttocks look bony.

Frederick Wiseman must feel a deep, albeit strange, kinship with *Crazy Horse*. One of the greatest documentarians, he's known for his seemingly effortless glimpses into real life (no voiceovers, no



This month, the Englert's screening of an adults-only documentary will feature a live opening act by Iowa City's own Les Dames du Burlesque.

strong as jaguars (to a person they seem to aspire to Josephine Baker's body-type) dance artistically-choreographed numbers, dangles by swirling lights, while knowing audiences—a healthy mixture of men and women—sip champagne. (By the way, you have to be over 18 to get into the movie. The Englert will be serving their customary beer and wine; I'm working on the champagne.)

talking heads, no information other than what the camera shows); and yet his documentaries are elaborately edited films, with story arcs he weaves carefully and seamlessly into them. It seems appropriate, therefore, that his portrayal of *Crazy Horse* gives just as much love to the hard work of famous choreographer Phillippe Decoufle and his team of designers and dancers as to their seductive artistic product.

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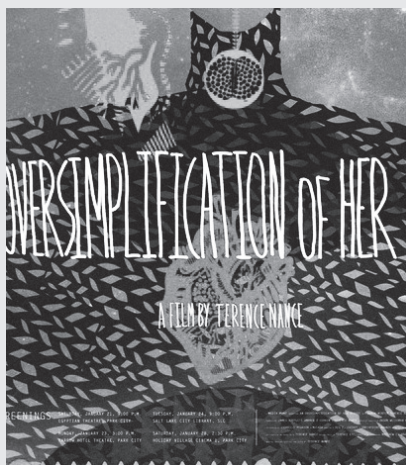
Now Showing

Add these selections to your May to-do list.

Rural Route Film Festival

Bijou | May 5, 7 p.m.

From tulip farmers in Michigan to bee-keepers in Lebanon, this traveling show of short films about rural people and places is definitely worth checking out.



An Oversimplification of Her Beauty

Terence Nance (2012)

Bijou | May 4-5, 8-10

This fascinating new film lights up a common subject, the difficulty of romance, with an imaginative freedom that reminds you of the 1960s. Nance blends live-action filmmaking with various styles of animation to explore the interiority of love and desire..

Hardacre Trivia Night

St. Mary's Hall | Tipton, IA
April 28-May 3

The Hardacre Film Festival, the pride of Iowa, will hold its first-ever fundraising event, the Hardacre Trivia Night, on Saturday, May 12th, at St. Mary's Hall in Tipton. Doors will open at 6:15 p.m., and the event will be held from 7 to 10 p.m. Proceeds from the Hardacre Trivia Night will go toward the 2012 festival, set for Aug. 3rd and 4th. Admission is \$10 per person, or \$80 for a table-capacity group of eight; registration deadline is May 4.

Thankfully, his movie doesn't make a big deal of the obvious fact that the dancers move within the contours of the male sexual imagination. You could easily imagine a lesser documentary boring us with a half-hour debate about the morality of cabaret. Nevertheless, the question of who is the ultimate beneficiary of gorgeous women dancing naked, Man or Woman, is in the air. At one point, one of the female organizers of Crazy Horse suggests to an old male journalist that the dances are liberating to women, empowering them to play with their sexuality and use it to their pleasure and advantage. At another point, one of the male producers—a creepy yet charmingly obsessed character—starts going off on

Director Frederick Wiseman is known for his seemingly effortless glimpses into real life: no voiceovers, no talking heads, no information other than what the camera shows.

how Crazy Horse touches on the unconscious with the same artistic power as Fellini and Michael Powell; meanwhile, the head choreographer is rolling his eyes, as if to say, "We're talking naked women, for God sake!"

While I don't want to forget that these nude dancers are writhing around to the delight of many a man, I do think that there's something to the pretentious talk of liberation and art. The desire of heterosexual men is so strong that beauty is practically synonymous with the soft curves of femininity, even for women. The dances of a good cabaret, like all true things of civilization, allow us to reflect on the weirdness of who we are and the world we have wrought.

As sexy as the dances are, they are also at times silly, sad, intelligent and spooky. They hold the mirror up to desire—in fact, one of the best dances is organized around mirror-reflections. In showing us its power, the dancers do in some ways transcend the male gaze more effectively than if they were simply to chastise it and act like it wasn't there. Maybe that's why smart, spunky women autonomously form troops like Les Dames du Burlesque: Sometimes the best way out is through.

In any case, Crazy Horse is sexy, fun and gracefully intelligent. And we're talking naked women, for God sake! **lv**

Scott Samuelson teaches philosophy at Kirkwood Community College and blogs about music with his son at billyanddad.wordpress.com.

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MAY 4-MAY 10

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ECO-PIRATE: THE STORY OF PAUL WATSON

A film by Trish Dolman | Canada

"A handsomely made...exciting documentary encompassing the subject's evolution from Greenpeace warrior to go-it-alone pirate." -Jay Weissberg, Variety

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Intimate at the Englert Series

MAY 12

80's THROWBACK PROM!

A Benefit for the Englert

MAY 18

CRAZY HORSE

Film Screening

MAY 19

POLLY FROST

Performing her hilarious one-person show

MAY 23

DANIEL AND THE LION

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MAY 25

SIERRA LEONE'S REFUGEE ALL STARS

MAY 30

THIS AMERICAN LIFE

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DEADWOOD DEADZONE

CAN ONE OF DOWNTOWN'S COOLEST SPACES BE BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE?

What you need to know is that this was not what I expected. But haunted house stories almost never are. And in the wake of Public Space One's exciting expansion into the Wesley Center early this month, where they're creating a free workspace for artists, filled with materials and equipment, I wondered about PS1's historical roots in the space above The Deadwood, a space behind the thick, squared windows I would ogle from behind espresso at The Times Club.

I'd heard whispers about that space: that it was cavernous, that it was beautiful. That for whatever reason the owner refused to let people use it, that he didn't want to be a landlord, that he just wanted it gone. Basically, this was downtown Iowa City's equivalent of the suburban haunted house with the grumpy, mysterious groundskeeper narrative, and I needed to ride my bike to it and get lost inside.

That opportunity arose when Mission Creek Festival hosted two all-ages experimental music shows at the end of March. Inside the indeed cavernous, urban-decay-baroque graffiti lies the once-palatial space with a stage, big back room, storage and even an empty bar built right in. One Deadwood employee called it "the single biggest waste of real estate in Iowa City." But there we were, enjoying experimental musicians wail away on guitars riding waves of reverb. I spoke with Craig Eley, one of the MCF masterminds, riding high in the mid-week

tremolo of music, arts and food events all over town. I asked him how he rented the space. "We came to (Jim) with a really nice pitch," he told me, "and I think being part of the festival really helped ... The festival has great relationships with a lot of venues. This is an unbelievable space, an unbelievable room."

When I asked him about any plans to run more shows up there, Craig optimistically told me, "You know, that's really not up to me. Jim has reasons and times he wants to use it and doesn't. When it's available and possible—the right time—we'd love to use it again." As I looked around at the high ceilings and graffiti-mapped walls with crumbling veneer right out of a warehouse in a Hollywood gangster movie, and then at Iowa City's gratefully hip swaying to the music, I wondered when would it be "the right time?"

So I knew I had to meet the mystery man himself. And he was as pleasantly awesome as the misunderstood tend to be. Jim Bell has the face and handshake of a man you can trust. His smile is the kind that might make one want to tell their life story on a porch, or at least buy a drink from The Deadwood, a place he bought 21 years ago April 6.

"It means I'm just getting broken in," Jim says, and he laughs good and clean with a smile full of trustworthy teeth. "I understand the questions, but don't know all the answers yet."

I asked Jim about the history of the building and about its current state of shallow-breathing disrepair. "I bought the building 12 years ago," he explained. "There was a viable tenant up there for many years; it was BJ Records, then another person trying to do a similar thing. Then it became vacant; obviously, the



SUMMONING THE SPIRITS

IC's Golden Dust perform in the Deadwood space during Mission Creek 2012.

Get ARTsy



Photo by John Engelbrecht

SOUP

May 6 | Wesley Foundation (120 N. Dubuque St.)
7 - 9:00 p.m. | \$10

\$10 donation gets you soup and a vote for a microgrant art proposal; winner gets the money to fund their project.



Anna Furlong

CLOSING: NEXT GEN

Fifth Annual Next Generation Juried High School Art Show

May 11 | Chait Galleries (120 N. Dubuque St.)
6:00 p.m.

Gaze into the future of art from some of Iowa City's High School award winners. The exhibition, which has been open since April 13, will close at 6 on Friday May 11.

IOWA CITY DILETTANTE AND HOBBYIST COLLECTIVE

May 24 | 1035 E College St., Unit 1




Art beasts of all shapes and sizes are encouraged to check out this intimate open mic series! Come readers, performers, dancers and visual artists and everything in between! Hosted by Laura Hampton and John Witte.


CD market sort of crashed. Then the tornado came through and damaged some of the structural members in the roof. The trusses cracked. We had to take out the suspended ceiling and the duct work in order to put beams up there supporting the trusses. That was 2 years ago, the tornado was 3 years ago. It's been vacant since then. I've been thinking about trying to put a few apartments up there. The space is 40 feet by 80 feet (!). I was getting \$2500 a month rent when a tenant was up there, but the bathrooms need to be updated. It needs \$50-\$100 thousand to make it viable for a business, \$200 thousand might convert it to apartments. So there's a barrier for entry. I would need \$2000 a month rent plus the cost of remodeling and we could finance that over a long term. And the nice bar area? If you thought you could make money doing two shows a day, a couple all-ages shows, this would be a great venue for that. But there's not drinking upstairs. Our liquor license covers the ground floor."

Suddenly, the haunted house is a lot more like a Jenga tower of subtle rules, a limbo game against city codes, and one misstep in planning can see it tumble down. But just what could such a tricky venue be viable for? "...for art shows—we've had 6 or 8 people display art up there. You could do a party or live music, as long as it's not too hot ... that ventilation was taken out with the suspended ceiling. It's an interesting space with 22 foot high ceilings! They used to play basketball up there pre-World War II. It's a big room with a visually stunning appeal ... we have zoning issues. Lack of ventilation. Lack of bathroom facilities. It would be a major commitment to put those in. As long as you have fire extinguishers and exit lights, you can do things occasionally like art exhibits or events on a small scale, as long as you're not trying to make a lot of money, like a fundraiser or small concert."

"You know," Jim tells me with the "listen

>> **ARTICLE CONT. ON PAGE 28**







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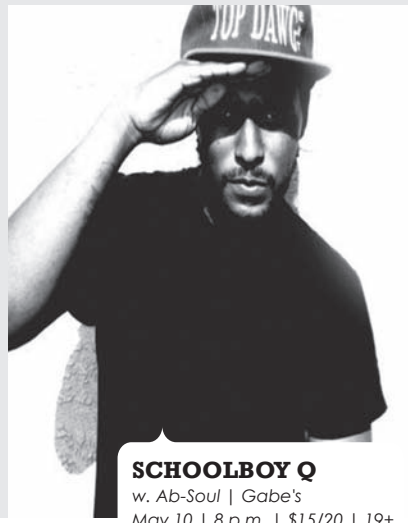


**SIERRA LEONE'S
REFUGEE ALL-STARS**

Englert Theatre | May 25
8 p.m. | \$20/22 | All Ages

Quick Hits

Put these shows on your calendar for the month of May.



SCHOOLBOY Q

w. Ab-Soul | Gabe's
May 10 | 8 p.m. | \$15/20 | 19+

As I watched Shabazz Palaces repeat "black is you, black is me, black is us, black is free" at their excellent concert at Gabe's on April 25, I got a nice reminder of something that I have been thinking about for a while: the political power and hope of music. This is something that can be seen throughout history as well as across the African diaspora.

The frustration felt in urban black communities, in cities that did not deliver all that they promised, have been echoed by the struggles within Africa during the Neocolonial era.

If one looks back at the peculiar institution of slavery, music provided the power and drive for many to make it through the day. While many of these songs are now sung by many in their Sunday services, the negro spiritual did much more than talk about their love of Jesus; these songs were a way for them to express their displeasure with slavery and those who oppressed them within it. Through coded language, songs like "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" reference the want of slaves to escape from their misery and get free through the Underground Railroad.

The desire for a better life becomes clearer within the diaspora as time moved forwards and black citizens across the globe wanted equal rights. The 1950s and '60s was the most politically charged era in African-American history. Although the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution guaranteed African Americans equality in society, it was clear that wasn't the case when Bull Connor turned dogs and fire hoses on non-violent protesters, or when black families moving for jobs were railroaded into living in segregated communities with poor quality, overpriced housing and helicopter policing. Living in such conditions caused many people to lose their spirit and curse their blackness.

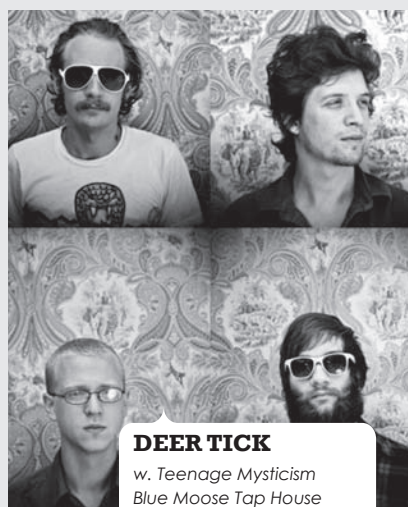
Music kept the dreams, hopes and spirits of an entire people alive during this time. Those who were on the front line used spirituals and protest songs to express their want for freedom and respect. Songs like "This Little Light of Mine" and "We Shall Overcome" became anthems of the activists who risked their lives on marches and as Freedom Riders. While these songs were nationally popular, their message did not resonate in quite the same way within northern urban spaces as they did in the rural south. The concerns of urban citizens were better addressed by the music of James Brown. Preaching a message of self-reliance and racial pride, Brown's songs such as "I Don't Want Nobody To Give Me Nothing" spoke to the frustrations felt within urban black communities because the city did not deliver all that it promised.

The failed dreams of black people in the inner city have been echoed by the struggles



KETAMINES

Gabe's | May 17 | 6 p.m.
\$5 | All Ages



DEER TICK

w. Teenage Mysticizm
Blue Moose Tap House
May 18 | 8 p.m. | \$15 | 19+

within Africa during the Neocolonial era. Following the victories of Kwame Nkrumah, Patrice Lumumba and Sékou Toure in gaining their countries' independence, Africans across the continent thought that there would be a positive future, a possibility to take their countries back from the European colonizers. These dreams were immediately dashed following the 1961 assassination of Congolese Prime Minister Lumumba—only 12 weeks after being elected—and the ascent of Mobutu, one of the most vicious dictators in global history. Mobutu's violent reign over the Congo—renamed Zaire—came to represent the reality in many different countries, like Uganda where Idi Amin ruled with an iron fist and killed without remorse.

Music became the outlet for all of the anger that citizens had with their governments. The most infamous rabble rouser was Fela Anikulapo Kuti. A vocal critic of the Nigerian government, Kuti released songs like "Zombie" and "Unknown Soldier" that directly attacked the military leaders of the country in the 1970s and '80s. Miriam Makeba attacked apartheid in South Africa with her soulful renditions of South African music. While both of these musicians spoke truth to power, they also had to suffer the consequences of their actions. Kuti's dissenting led to him being perpetually surveilled by the government. It also led to several brutal attacks happening to him as well as the death of his mother—which became the inspiration for "Coffin for Head of State." In 1960, Makeba lost her South African citizenship for her critiques and spent three decades in exile.

While there is always danger in standing up to power, there are great benefits. Kuti and Makeba brought international attention to the issues that plagued their home countries. Sierra Leone's Refugee All-Stars follow

in the mold set by these legends. As symbolized in their name, this group of musicians met in a refugee camp in 1997 to provide entertainment and hope for all of those who were fleeing from the horror of Sierra Leone's civil war. Like those who came before them, the music of SLRAS speaks to the violence that surrounded them, but comes with a message of peace and hope for their country as well as the world. They will be bringing their spirited, infectious music—which mixes reggae and African styles such as High Life and Afrobeat—to The Englert on May 25.

Sierra Leone's Refugee All-Stars met in a refugee camp in 1997 to provide entertainment and hope for all of those who were fleeing from the horror of Sierra Leone's civil war.

Although I've focused a lot on political music in Africa, the U.S. has its own political form of black music, too; it's called hip hop. While the socially conscious strain does not get as much attention as it did when artists like Public Enemy were at the forefront, it is slowly making a comeback through the music of the Black Hippy Crew, a quickly rising hip-hop troupe from Los Angeles led by the critically loved Kendrick Lamar. One of its members is Schoolboy Q, and he will be at Gabe's on May 10. A reformed gangbanger, Q's lyrics cover the spectrum from hanging out at the club to keeping his kids from eating too much fast food. While his persona is complex, the one thing that is clear from his releases is that Schoolboy Q is a prodigious talent who, I believe, we will be hearing more from over the next year. **lv**

A.C. Hawley's favorite political songs are "Zombie" by Fela Kuti and "The Revolution Will Not Be Televised" by Gil Scott-Heron.

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>> **ARTICLE CONT.** FROM PAGE 25



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beaten to hell but they also have a bit of melodic direction. The second movement draws out the drone of each mammoth crash. Aseethe bleeds each towering crunch of its last ounce of sustenance before unleashing another bash.

AFTER NEARLY A HALF HOUR OF BEING SLOWLY PUMMELED, IT'S ONE HELL OF A RELEASE

The third movement is the biggest stand out of *Reverent Burden*. After bleeding every decibel out of one last chord, the vocals enter and the most forceful and propulsive riffage of the whole album commences. It's a relentless, mid-tempo attack fortified by the splash of cymbals and clamber of snare and tom beats, punctuated with deathly howls and searing flashes of guitar. After nearly a half hour of being slowly pummeled, it's one hell of a release to cap off the album.

John Schlotfeld is currently fighting the "blue screen of death" on his laptop; pray for him as he wages this epic, and almost certainly hopeless war against technology and his desire to not pay for a new computer.



Surf Zombies

Lust For Rust

facebook.com/surfzombiesband

My dad tells a story about seeing the seminal surf-rock band The Ventures at the Melody Mill Ballroom outside of Dubuque in the early 1960s. He happened upon a comb on the sink in the bathroom left by the band. He picked it up and shortly after sold it still dripping with pomade from the pompadoured greasers to a collection of girls spellbound by the band.

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THE SURF ZOMBIES ADD IAN WILLIAMS AND TYLER RUSSELL TO THE LINEUP.

Brook Hoover first heard surf music when his uncle played part of "Pipeline" by the Chantays on a guitar for him at age 14, and from then surf music would be a staple in the music he made. The latest Surf Zombies record, *Lust for Rust*, finds Brook with a newly-minted lineup that adds Ian Williams (The Wheelers) on guitar and Tyler Russell on drums to the band along with longtime bass player Joel McDowell.

Songs by The Ventures, the Surfaris, The Chantays, Dick Dale and others serve as the template for decades of surf rock. *Lust for Rust* also follows these templates: galloping rhythms, BIG reverby tremolo guitar; but updates the sound with the occasional edgy distortion thanks to some influence by Williams, who also produced the album.

I have memories of laying on the floor in front of the large console stereo staring at the beautiful girls on the covers of the records dad spun by The Ventures. The raw energy of the tribal drums and the blistering guitar soundtrack seemed at once electric, sexual and forbidden. This intersection of rock music with our baser instincts exists in its purest form in instrumental guitar rock. I thank The Surf Zombies for giving me another album full.

Michael Roeder is a self-proclaimed "music savant." When he's not writing for Little Village he blogs at www.playbsides.com.



Tom Garland

Leash Your Kids

tomgarlandcomedy.com

Tom Garland is a stranger to the Iowa City comedic scene. Emcee of the Yacht Club's weekly comedy night, One Night Stand, the stand-up performer and touring comic has fully embraced and helped expand on what Iowa City has to offer up-and-coming comics.

Garland has opened for such acts as Joel McHale, Alonzo Bodden and Steve-O, and now has released a full-length album for digital sale on iTunes, Amazon, Rhapsody and more.

On the basis of *Leash Your Kids*, it would seem that Garland's biggest comedic influences are Dave Atell and Jim Gaffigan, blending observational humor with more in-your-face themes.

The 16-track, 56-minute album was recorded in March at the Yacht Club with the assistance

GARLAND'S 56-MINUTE ALBUM WAS RECORDED IN MARCH AT THE YACHT CLUB, IN ONE TAKE, WITH NO EDITS OR LAUGH TRACKS.

of local comic Don Tjernagel, in one take, with no edits or laugh tracks.

"We wanted to bring the listener in as close to the intimate Iowa-Comedy-scene feel as possible," Garland said.

With subject matter ranging from rewriting the Bible to hot button headlines like Jerry Sandusky, Garland fearlessly forges through his routine despite the mixed audience reactions caught on the recording.

The real meat of *Leash Your Kids* is found in the graphic personal stories Garland shares with punchlines often taken at his own expense. The stories take the album to a deeply personal place where Garland exposes his own flaws as a boyfriend and human being.

With moments of hilarity and moments of silent awkwardness, Garland's stand-up album shows potential not only for an up-and-coming comic, but also an up-and-coming local scene.

Erin Tiesman is a web writer and freelance journalist living and laughing her rear end off in the heart of Eastern Iowa.

Caterwaula

Self-Titled

facebook.com/caterwaula

Since I was born in 1957, my life corresponds approximately to the life-span of rock and roll. In that 55-plus years, there have been times when rock has seemed to be tired and played out. But there's always some snotty group of kids who come along and beat it back into shape. Caterwaula is one of the latest groups to have a go.



Their self-titled debut isn't a revolutionary addition to the rock canon, but there are some fresh elements to Caterwaula's music, beginning with the strong voice of lead singer Lauren Murphie. Murphie's singing hints at her precursors—Patti Smith, Chrissie Hynde, Grace Slick—but the great thing about the voice as an instrument is that everyone's is unique. Murphie's voice has the kind of power and timbre that will cut through the roar of any band, but she uses dynamics skillfully to

THERE'S ALWAYS SOME SNOTTY GROUP OF KIDS WHO COME ALONG AND BEAT ROCK AND ROLL BACK INTO SHAPE.

keep the listener from feeling like they're being yelled at.

Terry Yin's electric violin adds distinctive texture to Caterwaula, taking the parts usually taken by lead guitar and freeing Gabe Starbeck to focus on rhythm guitar most of the time, which is the heart and soul of the rock sound. Gabe takes a few short solos along the way, but this isn't a band that leans on jamming to make their point.

The song "Cat Lady" stands out to me as a roaring show stopper. It's a classic F-you breakup song with showcase moments for each band member, but it's solidly grounded in pentatonic blues riffing and rave-up cymbal crash drumming. It reminds me of the story about Chuck Berry insisting Jerry Lee Lewis open for him, and Jerry Lee gives a literally scorching performance, setting his piano on fire. Caterwaula is a hard act to follow, even without actual pyrotechnics.

Kent Williams bought the first copy of Never Mind The Bollocks, Here's The Sex Pistols to arrive in Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

What purpose do allergies serve?

Why do we have allergic reactions? What use do allergies serve? I can't imagine any Darwinian advantage. I can't see being a successful mastodon hunter with sneezing and hacking giving away your position. Don't get me started on trying to woo a female with things that are meant to be dry being moist and things that are meant to be moist being dry and itchy.—Sneezy

You ingrate. Sure, a runny nose doesn't do much for your sex appeal. But if it weren't for allergies, or at least for the physiological mechanism that gives rise to them, you'd be dead.

Allergies are an overzealous version of the chain of events that enables your body to defend itself against foreign invaders such as parasites, protozoans, bacteria, and viruses. Thinking it's under attack, a type of white blood cell in your body produces immunoglobulin E (IgE) antibodies. These antibodies latch onto other cells and encourage them to release histamine and other inflammatory chemicals, a hyperallergic response sometimes called atopy. Result: the usual allergic symptoms and a rush for the Benadryl.

Inconvenient? Sure. But what would you rather do, be a doormat for bacteria or sneeze?

About one in five people in the developed world suffers from at least one allergy. Lucky is the sufferer who's allergic to just one thing. For example, sensitivity to ragweed or birch pollen can induce food allergies due to cross-reactions between the pollen and similar food proteins such as those found in apples.

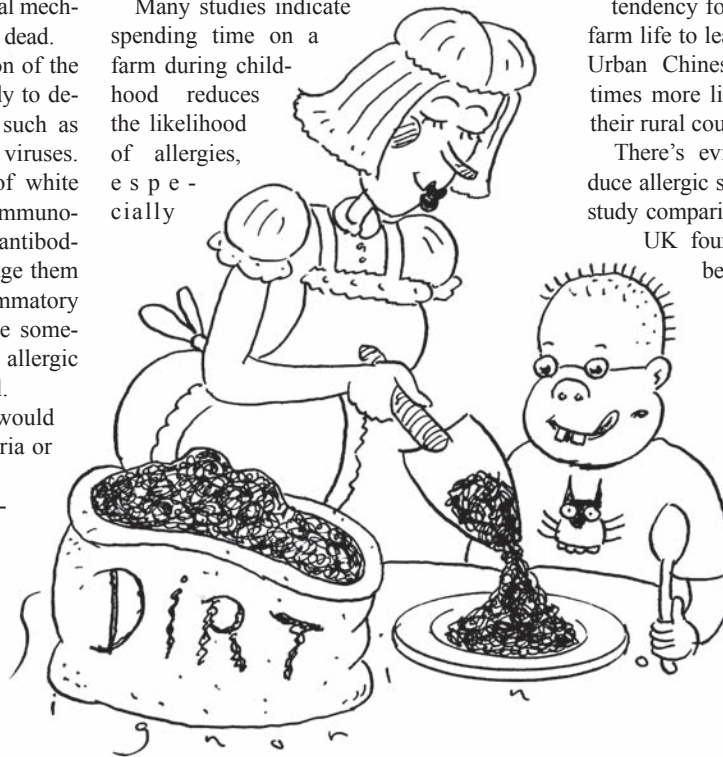
Why are some people over-sensitive? Because, to put the most positive spin on it, they're better at recognizing tiny amounts of potentially harmful substances and mobilizing a white blood cell smackdown. This process has developed over millions of years and works well overall, leading some researchers to term our immune system—even in hyperactive mode—one of the greatest success stories of evolution.

The problem is that it takes your immune system a while to learn what's harmful and what's not, mainly by being exposed to enough of the benign substance over time. That's how allergy shots work: giving you gradually large amounts of allergens to desensitize you.

This takes us to the so-called hygiene hypothesis, discussed here in the past. In our sterile modern world, exposure to allergens when young, a critical time for training the immune system, has been greatly reduced. Fewer chronic infections and parasites have also

limited our ability to adapt to allergens. The hygiene hypothesis hasn't been proven, largely because the genetic and biological factors behind allergies remain poorly understood. However, there's reason to think you'd have fewer allergies now if as a kid you'd spent more time living in filth.

Many studies indicate spending time on a farm during childhood reduces the likelihood of allergies, especially



hanging around farm animals and stables.

Drinking unprocessed milk may also help. For non-farmers there seems to be a relationship between allergy incidence and the cleanliness of your living conditions. A German study found children who slept on dirty—sometimes filthy—mattresses were much less likely to suffer from hay fever and allergies, a protective effect seen in both farming and nonfarming households.

Children and mothers living in the less industrialized Russian part of the northern European region of Karelia had substantially fewer allergies than their more westernized Karelian neighbors in Finland, possibly due

to greater exposure to microbes in soil and water. A Mongolian study found those living closer to the soil in small villages had fewer allergies than those living in towns and cities. One multi-country European study found that microbial exposure while in the womb could help prevent development of allergies.

Chinese researchers found urban children were more than three times as likely to have asthma or allergies than rural kids, especially those exposed to livestock or farming. This is true even after accounting for the possibility of “healthy farmer effect”—i.e., the

tendency for those who are too allergic for farm life to leave while sturdier folks remain. Urban Chinese children were almost nine times more likely to be allergic to cats than their rural cousins.

There's evidence early exposure can reduce allergic sensitivity to the dread peanut. A study comparing Jewish kids in Israel and the

UK found a clear inverse relationship between early peanut consumption and occurrence of peanut allergies, even after genetics and socioeconomic considerations were factored out. Another study concluded high levels of peanut exposure during infancy were bad but modest levels could desensitize protectively.

Though we can't yet say why with certainty, it seems evident allergies are on the rise in the industrialized world.

Long-term studies in Denmark, the UK, Japan, and other countries have found significant increases in allergy complaints. One bright spot: allergies in France may be leveling off. Is it exposure to earthy French cuisine? No idea, but in an age of helicopter parenting, it's tempting to think the best defense against allergies may be early-childhood contact with good old-fashioned dirt.

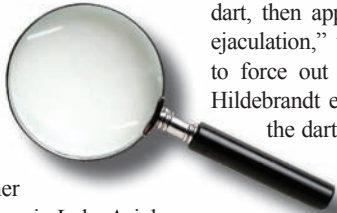
—CECIL ADAMS

Send questions to Cecil via straightdope.com or write him c/o Chicago Reader, 11 E. Illinois, Chicago 60611. Subscribe to the Straight Dope podcast at the iTunes Store.

Curses, Foiled Again

• Investigators identified Thomas McMartin, 56, as the person who planted a motion-activated camera in a women's locker room at New York's Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute because he inadvertently photographed himself setting up the camera. "We have recovered numerous still photos which do indicate numerous female adults in various stages of undress, and we have recovered digital evidence which implicates the defendant," Troy police Capt. John Cooney said. (Troy's *The Record*)

• State police said Christopher Wallace, 42, broke into a home in Lake Ariel, Pa., and stole several items, but "was greedy" and returned to the residence looking for more loot. The suspect went to the second floor, where he opened a door that led to the outside and fell approximately 20 feet to the ground. He broke his back, his hip and an arm. (Honesdale's *Wayne Independent*)



Reply-All Follies

London-based Aviva Investors inadvertently sent an email notifying its entire worldwide staff of 1,300 workers that they'd been dismissed and reminding them to turn over company property as they left their workplace. "It was intended that this email should have gone to one single person," company official Paul Lockstone explained, adding, "From time to time, things go wrong." (*Bloomberg News*)

Extraterrestrial Threat

The British government added solar storms to its official list of threats to national security. The update to the National Risk Register for Civil Emergencies warned that "severe space weather" threatens communications systems, electronic circuits and power grids. (*Associated Press*)

Shortsighted Marketing

• When earthquakes in Indonesia revived memories of the 2004 Asian tsunami that killed 230,000 people, including more than 8,000 in Thailand, KFC Thailand recognized an opportunity to sell fried chicken. It posted a Facebook message urging people to "hurry home and follow the earthquake news. And don't forget to order your favorite KFC menu." (*Associated Press*)

• A Chinese company whose slogan is "You see the world, the world sees you" has begun selling Helen Keller-brand sunglasses. Company official Chen Wenjing said the marketing team was aware of Keller's blindness but insisted the glasses were inspired by her traditions of philanthropy and optimism. (*Time*)

Tease of the Week

German researcher Thomas Hildebrandt heads a project called Project Frozen Dumbo, whose mission is to collect semen from wild elephants to avoid inbreeding among zoo elephants. Hildebrandt, of Berlin's Institute for Zoo and Wildlife Research, travels to South Africa and searches for wild bulls by helicopter. He immobilizes the animals using a narcotic dart, then applies a procedure called "electro-ejaculation," which uses a 5-to-15-volt charge to force out a sperm sample. The challenge, Hildebrandt explained, is that the anesthetic in the dart triggers a muscle contraction that causes the elephant's 1.5-meter-long penis to retract into its cavity. "In order to extract the sperm hygienically, we have to get the tip out and clean it," Hildebrandt explained, noting that doing so takes some teasing. The sperm is then collected and immediately frozen. It costs roughly \$130,000 to collect three liters of elephant sperm, enough to impregnate 65 cows—theoretically speaking, because although Project Frozen Dumbo has been collecting semen this way for two years, no female elephant has yet to be successfully inseminated with sperm that has been previously frozen. "But we're close to it," Hildebrandt said. "We're very, very optimistic." (Sweden's *The Local*)

When Guns Are Outlawed

Police accused Lawrence Deptola, 49, of trying to rob three banks in Utica, N.Y., by threatening tellers with a toilet plunger. He was apprehended outside the third bank. (Utica's *WKTV-TV*)

Good News for Ted Nugent

Mayor Bob Buckhorn issued a list of items that will be considered security threats at this summer's Republican National Convention in Tampa, Fla. On it are masks, plastic or metal pipe, string more than six inches long, air pistols and water pistols. Real pistols, however, are allowed. "If we'd tried to regulate guns, it wouldn't have worked," City Attorney Jim Shimberg said, noting that state law bans all restrictions on carrying firearms in public places. "Any local ordinance that regulates guns is void." (*Tampa Bay Times*)

What Could Go Wrong?

After more than 60 years of strict regulation and licensing requirements, Tokyo's city government announced it's relaxing rules governing the preparation of blowfish, known as fugu. Until now, aspiring fugu chefs had to apprentice with a veteran chef for at least two years before taking rigorous written and practical exams, whose fee

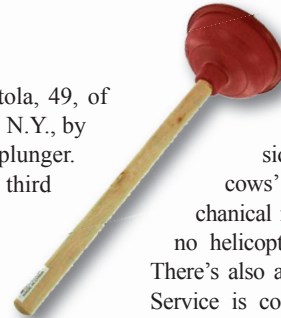
runs to \$220. The requirements assure that chefs know how to separate the edible parts of the fish from organs filled with tetrodotoxin, which is deadlier than cyanide. "There is the hope that the number of restaurants with unlicensed chefs serving blowfish will rise, and that blowfish as an ingredient will be used not only for traditional Japanese foods, but also others such as Chinese and Western foods," said Hironobu Kondo, an official at the city's Food Control Department, indicating that outside Tokyo, where blowfish regulations are already more relaxed, "there are hardly any poison-related accidents." (*Reuters*)

Bovine Episodes

• A sheriff's deputy who pulled over a Honda Civic in Luna County, N.M., reported the vehicle contained three men and a 220-pound calf in the backseat. When the men couldn't produce a bill of sale for the animal, they were arrested on suspicion of rustling. (*Carlsbad Current-Argus*)

• After two hikers found six frozen cows wedged inside a remote log cabin in the Colorado Rockies, the U.S. Forest Service said it faces the problem of how to dispose of the carcasses now that they're thawing. "They're going to be scavenged," Forest Service official Steve Segin said, identifying the biggest concern as bears coming out of hibernation. "We don't want a bad encounter between people and wildlife."

Because the cabin is in the protected Maroon Bells-Snowmass Wilderness area outside Aspen, restrictions hamper the cows' removal. "We can't use any mechanical means," Segin said. "No aircraft, no helicopters, no chain saws, no ATVs." There's also a fire ban. As a result, the Forest Service is considering blowing up the cabin with the cows inside. The Colorado Cattleman's Association said the animals probably entered the cabin seeking shelter during a snowstorm, couldn't figure out how to exit it and starved to death. (Denver's *KMGH-TV*)



How Other Governments Define Cheating

Pal Schmitt announced his resignation as president of Hungary after Budapest's Semmelweis University revoked his doctorate because he plagiarized most of his dissertation. Schmitt, who was elected to a five-year term in 2010, told Parliament his "personal issue" is dividing the country. (*Associated Press*)

Compiled from mainstream news sources by Roland Sweet. Authentication on demand.



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the Corridor, 2006-2011, May 13, 12:00 p.m. *
Still-Life Drawing Class (Beginners) with Michelle
Fischer, May 15, 9:30 a.m. * Still-Life Drawing Class
(Beginners) with Michelle Fischer, May 22, 9:30 a.m.
* Still-Life Drawing Class (Beginners) with Michelle
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Gentlemen Jesse and His Men, May 21, 8:30 p.m.
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9:00 p.m. * Johnson County Landmark & Jazz Rep
Ensemble, May 3, 6:00 p.m. * Bonne Finken, May
4, 8:00 p.m. * Emperors Club, Surgeons in Heat,
The Curious Mystery, DJ Crowley, May 5, 9:00 p.m.
* Thankful Dirt, Milk & Eggs, May 6, 7:00 p.m. *
Burlington Street Bluegrass Band, May 9, 7:00 p.m.
* Tyrone Wells, Joe Brooks, May 12, 8:00 p.m. *
Joe Pugg, Bailiff, Grand Tetons, May 15, 9:00 p.m.
* Ida Jo & the Show, May 17, 9:00 p.m. * Harriet
Woodford Benefit feat. Alejandro Escovedo, May 19,



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2

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A-List



Grand Opening Celebration

Trumpet Blossom Café
(310 East Prentiss St.)
May 19, 2 p.m. - Midnight

Iowa City was left with a void in January with the swift and unfortunate demolition of vegetarian staple, The Red Avocado. As a new apartment complex begins to rise up in its place this month, The Trumpet Blossom Café comes to the rescue, providing Iowa City with a new place to grab a vegan meal. The Trumpet Blossom is located on Prentiss St. (behind The Vine and next to 30th Century Bicycle) and is now open for business. Their menu features healthy lunch and dinner meals that are organic and locally grown with an extensive drink list featuring many beers from regional breweries.

The Grand Opening Celebration will be chock-full of food and drink specials. Watch out for an all-inclusive deal that will consist of an appetizer, entrée, desert, a non-alcoholic drink, a mixed drink and a tap beer. There will also be live music by local musicians throughout the evening.

Musical Lineup:

Happy Hour: Irene Schroeder
Early Evening: Dustin Busch
Late Night: Brooks Strause

8:00 p.m. * Burlington Street Bluegrass Band, May 23, 7:00 p.m.

Performing Arts at Iowa

performingarts.uiowa.edu

See website for times and locations

Andrew Parker, oboe and Alan Huckleberry, piano, May 1 * Symphony Orchestra, William LaRue Jones, conductor, May 2 * Johnson County Landmark, John Rapson, director, May 3 * Voxman Celebration, May 19

Red Cedar Chamber Music

www.redcedar.org

See website for event locations

Events resume July 6

Riverside Casino

3184 Highway 22, Riverside

www.riversidecasinoandresort.com

Michael McDonald, May 26, 8:00 p.m.

Uptown Bill's

730 S. Dubuque St.

www.uptownbills.org

Art and Music Night, Thursdays at 6:00 p.m.

Open Mic, Thursdays at 7:00 p.m.

Saturday Night Music, Saturdays at 7:00 p.m.

Yacht Club

13 S. Linn St., Iowa City

www.iowacityyachtclub.org

Open Mic every Monday

Dance Party every Tuesday

Jam Session every Wednesday

Talking Heads Tribute, This Must be The Band, Mooseknuckle, 10:00 p.m. * Dennis McMurrin & The Demolition Band, May 5, 10:00 p.m. * OSG, Uniphonics, May 11, 9:30 p.m. * John Wayne and The Pain, Zeta June, May 12, 9:00 p.m. * Mondo Drag, ASEE THE, Brutus & the Psychedelic Explosions, May 17, 9:00 p.m. * Mad Monks, The Maw, Acoustic Guillotine, May 18, 9:00 p.m. * Evergreen Grass Band, Bitterroot Band, May 19, 9:30 p.m. * Sierra Leone's Refugee All Stars After Party, May 25, 10:00 p.m. * Miracles of God, Cop Bar, Good Habits, May 26, 10:00 p.m. * Oakhurst, May 31, 10:00 p.m.

THEATER/DANCE/PERFORMANCE

City Circle Acting Company

www.citycircle.org/

See website for times and locations

No May events listed at time of publication

Coralville Center for the Performing Arts

1301 5th St., Coralville, Iowa

www.coralvillearts.org

See website for showtimes

Iowa Dance 2012: Dancing our Visions, May 4 * A Wolf at the Door, May 10-13 * The Elim Arrival Tour: Lonely?, May 16 * Nolte Academy of Dance Annual Concert: Seasons, May 23

Englert

221 E. Washington St., Iowa City

www.englert.org

Bo Burnham, May 3, 8:00 p.m. * Polly Frost, May 19, 8:00 p.m.

The Mill

120 E. Burlington St., Iowa City

www.icmill.com

The Beards of Comedy, May 22, 9:00 p.m.

Penguin's Comedy Club

Clarion Hotel, 525 33rd Ave. SW, Cedar Rapids

www.penguinscomedyclub.com

Floyd Phillips, May 4-5, 7:30 p.m. * The Thunder from Down Under, May 9, 7:30 p.m. * Rocky Laporte, May 11-12, 7:30 p.m. * Hypnotist Jim Wand, May 18-19, 7:30 p.m. * Don Chopin, May 25-26, 7:30 p.m.

Performing Arts at Iowa

performingarts.uiowa.edu

See website for times and locations

Undergraduate Dance Concert, May 3-5 * Iowa New Play Festival, May 1-5 * Dance Forum/UI Youth Ballet Winter Concert, May 12

Riverside Theater

<http://www.riversidetheatre.org/>

See website for showtimes and locations

Recliners in Concert, May 5, 7:30 p.m. * Thursday Theatre Talk, May 17, 5:30 p.m.

Theatre Cedar Rapids

4444 1st Ave NE, Cedar Rapids

www.theatreocr.org

See website for showtimes

Alice in Wonderland, April 27 through May 19

CINEMA

Bijou Theatre

IMU, UI Campus, Iowa City

<http://bijou.uiowa.edu>

See website for showtimes

Declaration of War, May 1-3 * The Turin Horse, May 1-3 * An Oversimplification of Her Beauty, May 4-10 * Rural Route Film Festival, May 5 * Eco-Pirate: The Story of Paul Watson, May 4-10

Englert

221 E. Washington St., Iowa City

www.englert.org

Better Than Something: Film Screening, May 4,

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Calendar

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8:00 p.m. * Midnight Movie Series: Memento, May 5, Midnight * Crazy Horse: Film Screening, May 18, 8:00 p.m. * The Sound Of Music: Leukemia & Lymphoma Society Benefit, May 19, 12:30 p.m. * This American Life, May 30, 7:00 p.m.

University of Iowa Museum of Natural History

10 Macbride Hall, Iowa City
www.uiowa.edu/~nathist
Movies@MNH: "Fly Away Home", May 6, 2:00 p.m.

LITERATURE

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art

410 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids
www.crma.org
Art Lover's Book Club: The Luncheon of the Boating Party, May 17, 4:00 p.m.

Figge Art Museum

225 West Second St., Davenport
<http://figgeart.org/>
Young Artists at the Figge Recognition Ceremony, May 6, 12:30 p.m., 12:50 p.m. and 1:10 p.m.

Live from Prairie Lights

15 S. Dubuque St., Iowa City
www.prairielights.com/live
See website for readings TBA
The Burg, May 8, 7:00 p.m.

The Mill

120 E. Burlington St., Iowa City
www.icmill.com
Veteran Voices Reading, May 11, 6:00 p.m.

Uptown Bill's

730 S. Dubuque St.
www.uptownbills.org
Readers and Writers Group, Wednesdays at 6:00 p.m.
Spoken Word Open Mic, Wednesdays at 7:00 p.m.

KIDS

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art

410 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids
www.crma.org
Toddler Story Time at the CRMA, May 3, 1:30 p.m. * Pajama Story Time: Cowpoke Campfire, May 3, 7:00 p.m. * Doodlebugs Preschool Program at the Cedar Rapids Public Library: Black-Out, May 4, 10:30 a.m. * Toddler Story Time, May 10, 1:30 p.m. * Toddler Story Time, May 17, 1:30 p.m. * Pajama Story Time, May 17, 7:00 p.m. * Toddler Story Time, May 24, 1:30 p.m. * Pajama Story Time, May 24, 7:00 p.m. * Doodlebugs Preschool Program at the Cedar Rapids Museum of Art, May 25, 10:30 a.m.

Coralville Center for the Performing Arts

1301 5th St., Coralville, Iowa
www.coralvillearts.org
See website for showtimes
Bitty Ballerinas: A Circus, May 17 * Johnson County Salvation Army: First Annual Youth Extravaganza, May 23

Iowa City Public Library

123 South Linn St. Iowa City
www.icpl.org
Storytime at 10:30 a.m. Monday - Saturday, 2 p.m. Sundays

University of Iowa Museum of Natural History
10 Macbride Hall, Iowa City
www.uiowa.edu/~nathist
Night at the Museum: "Underwater Creatures", May 11, 6:00 p.m. * Storytime Adventures: Turtles & Tortoises, May 20, 3:00 p.m.

MISC

BIC (Bicyclists of Iowa City)

www.bicyclistsoflowacity.org
Bike to Work Week, May 14-18 * Executive Board Meeting: Open to the public, May 15, 7:00 p.m.

BIC: May Ride Schedule, See website for details

www.bicyclistsoflowacity.org
Solon Loop, May 2, 6:00 p.m. * Sugar Bottom Loop, May 9, 6:00 p.m. * Mayor's Ride, May 16, 5:30 p.m. * West Branch Loop, May 23, 6:00 p.m. * West High Loop, May 30, 6:00 p.m.

Coralville Center for the Performing Arts

1301 5th St., Coralville, Iowa
www.coralvillearts.org
See website for showtimes
Infinity Skin Care & Spa: Spring Skin Care Seminar/Skin-Fit Kick Off, May 3

Old Capitol City Roller Girls

www.oldcapitolcityrollergirls.com
See website for event details
at Killamzoo Derby Darlins, May 5 * TBA Bout, May 26

SUBMIT EVENTS

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GET REGULAR UPDATES

littlevillagemag.com/weekender

ASTROLOGY FORECAST FOR MAY 2012

FOR EVERYONE—Pathfinding. May opens the floodgates of possibility for many. For others, what May will not do is present an obvious, unobstructed path from point A to point B. However, the planets are helping. They will support improvisation, as long as you think big and plan carefully. Resilience and possibility lie beneath the chaos. Maybe you can only see to the next bend in the road, but the sense is strong that when you reach it, there'll be a way to go from there.



TAURUS (April 20-May 20)—Doorways. It is tempting to keep moving in old, well-established patterns, but you need to make a move. Some helpful doors will open in May. The planets are offering encouragement and support. And they are definitely pushing you in a certain direction. Still, given present stresses and confusion, I can see why you'd hesitate, a little. Conditions are uncertain and you need to choose carefully. Avoid unnecessary or frivolous expenses, no matter how tempting, especially those that involve debt. Don't let others manipulate you.



GEMINI (May 21-June 20)—Release. Gemini is on the threshold of change. You'll need to let go of much that comes naturally to you. Avoid the path of least resistance. Don't act impulsively. Your personal charisma might be high. You might feel passionately attracted to other people and impatient to launch new projects. But mature partners and associates who take the long view have a better sense of what needs to be done and how to go about it. Accept their guidance and quietly draw on their support.



CANCER (June 21-July 22)—Do the work. The planets, and ongoing events, offer hope for the fulfillment of a long-held dream. There are unresolved issues. Tensions and anxieties are running high. One big danger is the temptation to achieve some goals through petty, behind-the-scenes intrigue. Straightforward negotiations are best. You need to remain focused. Distractions relieve tensions. But too many distractions can put you behind the curve and lead to missed opportunities. Focus on the important tasks and do whatever is needed to complete them.



LEO (July 23-Aug. 22)—Down to earth. Leo has two ways forward. One seems high-minded and idealistic; the other seems, well, average. You should pick the humbler path. You'll probably find that your reasons for preferring the high-minded route are mixed, most of them having to do with romance, ego and the admiration of others. Instead, get into the trenches. Rub elbows. Do the hands on stuff. Stuff that comes naturally to Leos. The humbler route will bring the experience and opportunities you need to fulfill your ideals.



VIRGO (Aug. 23-Sept. 22)—Carrots and sticks. Virgos are reorganizing their lives.

It might be a surprise to some Virgos. It might be slow and complicated and involve tough decisions and unintended consequences. But that's what's happening and it will accelerate in May. The planets want you to spend more time with family and more time nurturing and developing yourself. In fact, the planets will undermine efforts to get more involved at work. They will reward efforts to spend more time with family, restoring and exploring your self.



LIBRA (Sept. 23-Oct. 22)—Meet and greet. You will experience an increase in relationships and an expansion of relationship stuff generally. Everything you've learned about relationships, all your Libran instincts about relationships, will explode into relevance and be pressed into immediate service. You'll be highly motivated and not always able to control your feelings. The stakes will be high and so will the levels of confusion and uncertainty. Focus your efforts at the community level. Emphasize the one-on-one, hands on approach. The planets will provide guidance and practical support.



SCORPIO (Oct. 23-Nov. 21)—Traffic cop. Many people close to you are a little frantic, trying to keep their lives on course. There are opportunities but it's tough making the right connections, now. You can't influence things behind the scenes. Power and influence are flowing in unpredictable ways. Things are too tense and weird. They could easily get out of control. You can best help everyone along by sharing your insights clearly, honestly and considerately. Delay decisions on long-term finances. Spend on small things that make life enjoyable.



SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22-Dec. 21)—Seismic shift. Your personal life will undergo a huge, irreversible adjustment. It's happening for good reasons and it will go well. There isn't much you can do to prevent it. The planets are telling you to focus primarily on your own needs - on what you really need and want. Set aside the interests of partners, no matter how attractive or needy. Don't be spooked, tricked or seduced into doing something you know isn't right for you, by anyone. Finances are especially well-asked now.



CAPRICORN (Dec. 22-Jan. 19)—

Awakening. This is one of those rare times in life when inner and outer changes work well together. You will experience major inner changes, deep personal revelations and spiritual insight. Your situation will readily shift to reflect these inner changes and help you make needed adjustments. Let events draw you away from work or active involvement in the world. The planets will reward you for taking more personal time. They'll also tax you if you don't back away from the work world a bit.



AQUARIUS (Jan. 20-Feb. 18)—Redirect. This month, the planets are taking direct aim at life-goals that need updating. Aquarians need a new vision of possibilities to guide the rest of their lives, starting right away. Old friendships, social ties or love-interests could suddenly heat up. Hobbies or leisure time activities could intensify. Right now, though, any of the above could drag you deeper into old patterns or sidetrack you, delaying or preventing needed change. Take advantage of supportive, facilitating aspects. Re-imagine your future and begin changing course accordingly.



PISCES (Feb. 19-Mar. 20)—Restoration. Pisceans are being drawn to distant places, toward new, more stimulating careers. Expansive and inspiring ideas are taking root in their minds. Increasingly, current circumstances will have an impermanent feel. They need to change. For some, the goal may be escape from the many things weighing on them. For many, the big changes must start close to home. Such transitions can seem complicated and demanding. However, the planets will provide a lot of support and guidance. Ultimately, these changes will bring needed healing.



ARIES (Mar. 21-April 19)—Undercurrents. Financial opportunities beckon. It's true that conditions are wild and crazy. There are countless reasons to hold back, but you should probably move ahead anyway. Your luck is running high and there's a cosmic safety-net in place. There is one thing. You need to seek advice from experienced people. Look at the big picture. Think long-term. You need to synchronize your efforts with broader trends. Information at the local level is not reliable. Conditions there are uncertain and more turbulent than they appear.

—Dr. Star

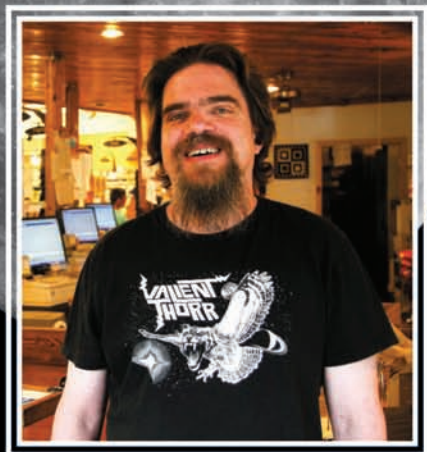


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8 PM	Doug Nye
9 PM	TBA
10 PM	The Mayflies
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